The Waves

3

Jan. 19th 1930

And so, it fell two on the little crowded hummocks of the French Italian hills; & beat on the stony river beds, then sunk deep beneath high bridges, where the water was shrunk, so that the weather-worn women could hardly find enough to wet their clothes; & in France, made the grey northern hills like the something Phaeton-ey, lugged in an Explosion; & gave the green hills, smoothed in Italy with the back of Wade, battered, with the solidity of a block of ~~true~~ Emerald, drag not too opaque for the light within the green heart to move from depth to depth. The sun struck, between some impediment & obliquity, high reeds, & sedgy blow, caught the edge of the Wade caught upon the rahoun, at England; ~~declaring~~ its verdure, & lit up the ~~cows standing in reflecting pools~~, the heron on the stake, the slow sail of shadows over the young corn, & the hay fields, & the dark grey churches with their dark ivy.

The birds sang in the garden, ~~not in chorus~~, but sang solitary songs, ~~under~~ melodious; addressed to one other, under the cones of purple lilac, & gold laburnum; for the flowers were new, even at midday there was a blossoming, a profusion; ~~the~~ low ~~the~~ consequent round headed flowers massed ~~in~~ together, ~~here~~ pendant, here held upright, like; & the turf was flat, soft, verdant; & the flower leaf flowed, & wound ~~the~~ among the marshes the yellow flag, ~~touched its flower~~, & ~~its~~ pennants, with the yellow in the marsh, where the frog ~~with~~ hopped, & the . & The wild birds sang, not to one another, dreamy high, wading, peering sadly on the margin of the ~~waves~~, above. ~~the~~ estuary, ~~above~~. The sea ~~was~~ was out; only a faint sound coming, across the marsh, under the flow of the flames, ~~and~~ gas, the waves falling:

Kneeling among the marshes on flowers

& the boat men went picking their way from time to time

gay like a sentinel, like a warder from call to call.

appearance of Colour, even under the awning

The Watkins, the oarsmen & boatmen were tattooed;

a leopard, or hobbled on the resilient turf.

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They do not see us: he does not see them.

the money

I do not know. That matters precisely.

something unfinished

a Chinese wedding present.

he is ready. He sees Ach Count. Impossible admires him.

It goes on, said Bernard; standing at his doorstep, Hardly beginning to walk down the street; though he is dead. Nothing has stopped. There has been no pause, no recognition: He looked, dazed, curiously, intently at the usual sights: seeing them many things them without participating in them, as a curious spectacle; as a seaweed machine working by itself. Delivered He does not see it. And with them a short time with him alone with him, walking, I have got over the first shock. I was hit on the head. curtain of the machine things too. This is important. Now one must be certain Careful not to lie. Now is my chance of finding out something else be more important about us both - us living or dead. This is dead. Let me He died of an accident soon after taking up his post. He lies in some Indian hospital a long yellow car room, where they waved fans There is a bandage round his head- I have seen that. And Next: 'There is Jinny a thing from the world': I mean some power has stopped. I had been a sense of living with immense fullness, but as was that is impaired. On our own life that has fallen I should have been thinking "He is ready: now he goes into Count; "as I put on my boots, a letter; hope: now when I think my mind rose to the pelmet I urged nothing. I had got into the habit of thinking making bottle sleeves: X That face is gone, he said: that power is lost. Something much more valuable than you know - he looked at the purple corner, along the street - his letters; He lies in an Indian hospital with a bandage round his head, And also - there is odd - I Certainly envy him. I feel that very decidedly - what luck! to be just got so now, in such slovenly to have letters to Jinny. So an end to it! You are not going to be subjected to this belittlement. Perhaps that way in our mind when he came to the Certainly as to "Look, where he stands." I said.

a beautiful adequacy to whatever
turn up.

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when he came into the restaurant.
And ~~yet there must be~~ careful to remember to take things.
And yet there were the other things - turns of phrase - evasions of
Emotion - ~~touching through~~ & words they beautifully adequate to what one might
There is value in a man riding a great horse: with a sound head -
And all of that And now I work where he - You have lost a
Great ruler, some unwitting people - somebody you would
have loved very much; he would have married to
have had a son.

But This is important; ~~this is what~~ I want to ~~speak~~ think but we
this before it goes again. When my son was born last night & Percival to
dead in a bed, with terrible warning things - skin very hot; the
somebody was with him but he never was conscious after his
fits: they carried him in, & he lay there without breaking
& then breathed one very deeply, & stopped, & went on, &
then, he was dead) what I have to remember is this
There is nothing unusual about it: I shall say later: at the
moment one feels this it is better than one had dared to hope.
This is the worst they can do, in death; What is incredibly this -
the worst they can do he was not twenty-six & live so purely
strong - this is the worst they can do, & I am not
You are mistaken if you think that I am therefore going to
lie down & weep away, - whatever this - or they are;
attitude is purely wrong. I more still, a dogmatic: I cannot
I think I must know anything: I make plans: my attitude
I must always refuse to dogmatise: after this: this two legged
that I have to remember further is that of all things
he would most have dreaded a dulled a whatever
a jeering & tinsel acquiescence - fear;
he was anyway not when I felt his Dead
Deer that night at the Inn - the foaming glass which he
held high & tossed off, drawing with the back of
some great coy hunter - And yet, Nancy
the last thing attitude is his - he was riding & he
how felt & they must have carried him in in his
riding things - the to the queerly fleet, natural,
not funny to day along what my tobacco and? I am

(How singularly this first things are alike - that both the death-operation) & (There must be something curiously alike in all emotion)

to the occasion. He was

I think what

know

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deny that this deny is true.
going to ~~pretend that a fine day means nothing~~. or that I am glad I have a boy
indifferent to the ~~flowers~~ of spring & my own child born last August
(I shall not call him Sylvia; that would be sentimental; & there's
is an absurd ~~Grandiloquence~~ Grandiloquence in the same ~~that~~ — a ~~grandiloquence that is right~~
~~for him — he would stand it~~)

Not only for him

The test must be, can I think of him in ridiculous situations, when
I am having a little ~~silly~~, ~~unbearable~~, ~~dull~~ ordinary life
situations without shyness: To name him naturally — not to
let him hear; at the same time ~~he~~ keep him in the room on the street
hone with his hand lifted. — (I shall not call my boy
Perceval: that would be sentimental; & there is an
absurd Grandiloquence in the name that was right but only
for him.) ~~He would have been a great trial~~ Yes, ~~all~~ they do,
~~there is all~~ you would ~~have~~ all had to instruct him; ask often; —
~~not pa~~ ~~some of ya knowledge~~ who will ~~have~~ know; ~~but~~ I am more
~~losing some~~ undistinguished terribly blank, undistinguished; greedy,
avaricious, intent when earning your daily bread. as you are

Yet already you begin to ~~make~~ use with Egert your
attraction. ~~The~~ Curiosity is only knocked out for a very short
time, completely. Next comes a desire to return, to
have again but, perhaps differently — into another existence,
perhaps. He is in the long yellow ~~hot~~ ~~grass~~ where there is
no wind but the hot air; ~~that~~ ~~factory~~ ~~is~~ ~~some~~ blind.
That is for ever now ~~part of~~ this scene. Must
And yet I began to ~~wish~~ ~~pray~~ to know what famous
actress has been divorced. I began at once to
think of myself ~~getting~~ by my faculties, & to ~~please~~
myself upon ~~having~~ the ~~power~~ to a wish to ~~be~~
be hearing humble talking knowingly about the
~~private~~ lives, ~~of Standards~~ songs. Then I ~~thought~~

~~The~~ I began to be drawn in.

That is a fact not to be ashamed of. Yet I feel
after all, I own my curiosity about them. They. That
be lets. And I intend to preserve it; only work

f-a female.
One cannot remain long outside.

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this private difference — now & again I shall refer myself, what if I am making a pleasure, or indulging in some new discovery of myself for his inspection: I can imagine myself saying to him:

But with that pressure to effect give a year or two? I am now at the climax of my experience which I have never: obviously the strength will decline. I am already beginning to feel that the peace, the exaltation, the moved in which I cried what luck what luck are to be just yet to be won — the exaltation & the peace are going: something fully & finely revealed & worked is taking its place - I am noticing things with curiosity & then feeling ashamed & trying to regain an ideal exaltation. That is fatal. That is I am going to do what you can walking I feel, for it'll change my life I shall expire myself to [illegible] days, to assault. I will go into the National Gallery & look at pictures. Give myself a chance, only four days & went upstairs into the galleries. Yes I can again I think I can again ask myself important there questions, those important questions, under the stare of the cold madonnas; to begin with I can to see him: that observation with his of the eye, which with the look of death - his body, his badge - is over. He has taken a different form. There are the old madonnas realist in their [illegible] & the [illegible] & the hard [illegible] hair they. The has a singularly impossible expression. That of course, rests on the whole flood - that the child was born: my son; his pain is over. Life taking a new rhythm from this moment. I live in the future, Yet that I can only feel; or the two cancel each other. I am curious not able to separate happiness & sorrow. are not yet separate. What is merciful about these pictures is that they make no reference whatever to: they say nothing personal; they let me do not nudge: they do not wring

& regret
Look here, is
this

to be dead &
done with at
all

in that last
room

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Yet
Coldly enough they Esp and my carelessness of them; they
bring him back in another form. They put our relationships in a
better light. They persuade me almost that in ~~Poole~~ Lyme
I am able to be alone; Can be heroic! I who make
pleasure so Early - I who am incapable of taking up a
firm & Cathedral attitude — & deem his Carelessness that I
rebuked - It was his approval that was dearest to me - had
done anything remarkable I was to have offered it to him —
Yes. I may be more lovable to him. - I ~~shall be stronger in~~
~~future.~~ may be I may much more adept than he was: I
had an Early advantage: time
offered on Coined it any home; was
able to seldom disencircled, whereas he was often awkward —
We therefore coined Expressions each other ~~words in a short hand~~ delicious
circumstances. His honor & Cathedrals - that I coined
laughed. He had a mild desire to shock the worldly.

Then is my funeral service. We have no ceremonies,
only funeral dirges. We have trying to collect something -
And sometimes I dread we have no beaten ways either.
Now I write poems; now I avoid it. I dont perfume I know
what then is important? where I am going. I shall
arrive at no decision. I shall never arm one safely
against life - I feel ~~used~~ irremediably unclean.
And These pictures - Here I am among the
Venetians. That is what I'm to be Titian.

Let
cannot
Get my
work -
(but I will not
let them
fail)
Yes
I am
To Put here
Collected
addenda.

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Nothing has been said that meets our case. One ~~is left~~ must pick up fragments — I am very medriably inconclusive. ~~That is rebuked to be a Titian is it?~~

That is rebuked to be a Titian is it? Let me consider ~~how what a person this~~ are these pictures them now. The ~~general effect is~~ what ~~do they mean~~? I look & look, ~~but~~ Yet no sense of the artist as the Slave goat: the Prometheus Bound. — Titian never suffered ~~what~~ as I am suffering. ~~On the contrary~~ he had a hope of Cadore a brightness, of Venice daily routine; ~~he may have been heartless~~ with that ~~pleasure~~ ~~I have for instance~~ ~~in a restaurant~~ joyful; however, went has happened in his ~~mind~~ life: & then, I recognise the upward ~~slightness~~ of the arms herding the cornea-cohea: & the plunge down. ~~It is~~ This the idea that is ~~occupying~~ ~~strange object~~ ~~this~~ perpetual solicitation of the eye. ~~It doesn't work~~ On me the pressure is intermittent; & ~~a little~~ muffled. ~~This~~ I ~~so far~~ ~~so far~~ Angels, madonnas, & the sky & the ~~distinguish~~ distinguish too little, & ~~that~~ too vaguely. ~~Yet~~ ~~this~~ a ~~And my eye~~ Mantle ~~Outside cataracts my eye~~; a Sun ~~stellated~~, ~~and~~ ~~from~~ violently ~~by some~~ ~~pastel~~ Splendour, like ~~that~~ green sleeve, or the ~~glass~~ ~~cutting~~ Early morning ~~pale~~ intensity of the sky behind ~~those~~ white towers: or the ~~tracery~~ of the orange ~~lees~~; & the lanes. ~~And~~ But they have added something — a ~~serenity~~ interpretation ~~of~~ this particular moment — a ~~serenity~~ Which: they have ~~removed the~~ ~~sordid~~, & conferred some odd impression, too — if I could hold it, it would be important — of a ~~an~~ ~~vacancy~~ ~~order~~; ~~a lovely abstract~~ which Con[illegible]- ~~an~~ ~~intellectual~~, ~~order~~ ~~effect~~ of comprehension ~~a~~ grasp of the fact- ~~that~~ ~~fantastic~~ idea breaks in one hand. ~~For what~~ ~~present~~ is ~~there~~ in ~~rapture~~ ~~that~~ things are ~~true~~, ~~or that~~ these ~~are~~ ~~exactly~~? ~~why~~ does why the incessant desire to ~~attain~~ ~~more~~ ~~lovely~~? ~~this false~~ ~~why not absolutely~~? ~~My mind is after all~~ ~~but I am opaque~~. I am ~~bored~~ - I am in ~~confusion~~ ~~to~~ any further impression. ~~And~~ But I would like to ~~have~~ My eye is ~~flutter~~. at the same time I would like to be able to ~~understand why~~ go into the

of
in his work:

whole of
whole
going

he ~~rustled~~
from a the Shelley

Laid on
the
(~~he~~ Because of these
very Valentin)
on

2nd
done by
Robert ~~Dear~~ the
Conversation

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matter satisfactorily; I would like to go from me out among
know what for example is meant by the School of behind all this; I
would like to be able to say to myself, That was painted
before Jesto went to Padua. That shows the influence of
Lazzaro Gaddi — or I should like to be — It was then a
Dia greater youth making love to his master's daughter.
It was then that the discovery of the oil of the jade Handle
revolutionized the art of Umbrian painting. It was then —
that is how I used to talk to him, sitting on the edge of the table,
while he lay groaning in bed. He knew not to talk about.
He would hear with laughter.

No one does not ask old staunch the wound continually
like that. There — He will come back to me in odd places.
One — won't be able to in such fanciful ways that Nobody else
can could understand. I shall be lonely. Perhaps he was
the only person who loved Now How can one remedy that
Neville would have been bored. Theodore is far too remote.
St Louis did not understand that side of his humour. He loved
Joan. Therefore with her he was different. We must observe
the majesty of I But we all know something. Together we
must observe observe. We must observe to the deepest
balance of that is then we shall love him those moments which
as one looks back remain as they go into heart.

And now, at this moment, I want — a room. At this with
Chairs a table that bring him near. I want to talk of him
with somebody who knows him and can feel, but from
Chaucer, with whom he had been happy. He was
happiest with Jenny — There are many occasions when
one would do penance, I I want to be assured that he
never spoke of me — that the he had not noticed that —
Peachey — never knew of my Peachey — did not notice that
Evening my dedications what I read — There are occasions
I would willingly stand have headed in the market place
if I could to do penance for that saying — in nightly
yet reason the horrors will come back to me in nightly
or ask my wife: a yet reason tells me that it was

That
he last that we
one with
understand
why we
laughed

most
at this time

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14
4.10
4.10
23.0

probably he never noticed. I want to [Gather] about & to
Celebrate; & to sit with Jenny telling Remembering they be —
Davids" I will [illegible] to her quickly.
Both the sun directly overhead, The trees Each shadow
[illegible] was [illegible] was Beneath in
dark hard at the root. Light descending in Floods
sudden [illegible] then, dressed each
the separate foliation into one green mass, Drenched in light
& rose from an East rising light, made by
incandescent; Each blade of grass like water;
fluent like water; & Everything held in an intensification
a trance — the birds silent [illegible] immobile or
[illegible] flicking the head from side to side — the
the fallen leaf resting undisturbed; the dragon fly
poised; the [illegible] yellow flag displaying its
petals; [illegible] held them & Played; &
The hum which [illegible] in the air seemed to come from a
the [illegible] [illegible] of few ways, the more profound
some invisible
& the & Each [illegible] holding the water
to heads Eyed in it immobile: & held glittering the
& the yellow pebbles Eyed on the bottom bed.
Pondering, Dumb headed, the Cattle stood in the fields;
& the the banks were Colored wings settled on the
tree tops.

To be the
Eagle the
Phalanx
an:
other
over under which
flames in the
horizon.

And I told them, said Rhoda; When they were laughing &
laying me; we love intrigue: we listen for his voice
for the other side the door; but I was upset all the
same. Shall I buy a bunch of violets & make a
wreath? There is an old man always at the
corner, selling violets: Shall I make a wreath?

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280
200
56,000

Oh yes
You are when we Life is undoubtedly very dangerous – That
child was nearly killed! The motor cars come whizzing
round the corner. I feel that we are spread on a battlefield.
We are the prey. Danger surrounds us. We are what I
told them when we dined together was true – They were
laughing & saying We love intrigue. We love Rivers &
meetings, & to listen only to his voice on the other side of the
door. And Then I see the loves of Hero – & Jones vision of love –
the fugue in the stove, the white figure against dark
laurel bushes – has no sense now. You are cold; you are
my vision of Something high. A man landing on the
beach of Greek Island, & when his boat left to sea
away – That's only melodrama. Neville & Jinny said so.
Rhoda & Bernard & Louis as drawing room ideas, when the
servants have gone to the play, & the husband is out, or the
wife is away out. And Said – That's their idea of
love; And Percival is dead; & I may wish
what I like to buy a penny bunch of violets; & I will go to a
shop to buy a pair of stockings; & Jinny asks Every one I see –
What is the truth? What do you love say for? I walk at
them. I will know – Words find out – I walk not be
baffled particularly. I will discover what is the truth between the
teeth & the tiger; in the jaws of the great Grandstones
for my eyes are dim; my ears sure; Jinny told me on the telephone. Jinny reminded
Queen Victoria Only I only heard the a word like the pounding
together of great Grandstones. I felt the tongue the words
when I was a child, There was a hurdle; which I could not cross
because my body had There was a weight I had to push
And to bring myself into my body. There was a space between.

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Headache
Standing in the middle of the street

A blank space lies before me ~~a ghost~~ where there is nothing – ~~the~~ nothing, nothing; ~~a~~ ~~cold hand left in the Tottenham Court Road~~ There is the puddle & I have no body & cannot Cross it. There is the wear of annihilation; ~~the~~ the Idea is Grinding ~~the~~ its mill stones, one wheel revolving within an inch of the other & I am ~~between~~ ~~crushed~~ pressed between. All the pulpable forms that have fenced me round may fail. What can I touch to relieve my ~~touch~~ something I shall fall. ~~I fall.~~ ~~down~~ What can I touch? Where I fall? fall?

~~I buy a branch of trees & make a wreath~~ ~~They drive violently~~ ~~The~~ A toilet & extremely powerful motor car, ~~stopped by her~~ ~~They~~ ~~were~~ ~~at the edge of the~~ pavements. ~~Danger~~ ~~surrender~~. ~~And the~~ ~~I do~~ are ~~front of~~ They ~~take us for their~~ ~~front~~ She told me on the telephone, Percival is dead. They were crying. But I ~~do~~ not cry, because ~~it~~ it is covered in me ~~it~~ ~~presence of~~ ~~my rage~~ ~~my~~ how I see ~~those~~ the stove ~~is~~ the laurel bush & the figure I told them of when we dined together. ~~Jenny~~ ~~Pericles~~ ~~is~~ I said ~~then~~ ~~then~~ ~~even~~ that she clothed with flowering ~~purple~~. ~~I said then~~ ~~that~~ when they were talking about her there a hearing her voice on the other side of the door, I ~~said~~ ~~knew it to be a lie~~. ~~But she is dead,~~ ~~she~~ looked at my figure ~~&~~ for the strange ~~how those are always~~ ~~my mind told when~~ They were blind I thought; they deluded themselves. I ~~I~~ was bound about with thorn, ~~wasted, ruining~~, ~~pushing~~ to ~~Destruction~~; ~~on love~~ planted with death, ~~the people~~ ~~pushing to destruction~~ – ~~no~~ – ~~color~~ – I am trying to ~~Set at down them~~ find out something ~~for myself about the~~ ~~nature~~ of ~~to~~ life. I will not be baffled ~~hysterically~~ like ~~the~~ bull with dark dreams. I will ~~the~~ ~~to~~ feel the leaves of the tiger. I will understand ~~by to understand~~ the meaning of the ~~under~~ of the storm.

She told me on the telephone Percival is dead; ~~Jenny~~ the weight. I never cry. I hear a sound like the ~~flowing~~

The Ghosts ~~pursue~~ me up here. I feel the ~~pale~~ ~~pity~~ wind.

There were ~~more~~ in ~~Regent~~ ~~Street~~.

If I had not moved I should have been Killed.

~~I~~ ~~walked~~ I did more.

~~I~~ ~~walked~~ to Queen.

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of milk straw. And that I will find something that to give
Percival, between him & me. I will buy a branch of violets &
make a wreath. There is always an old man at the
corner, selling violets. I will go to Oxford Street & buy a
pair of stockings. I will do these things: but I will do them
Exactly, with precise understanding of each movement, as an
offering to Percival, between him & me. Something

under the Illumination, or

Neville & Jinny were angry with me. They laughed. They
Mock & whisper & embrace in drawing room. Now when
the servants are gone to the play & the husbands out, & the
wife in the country — that is love, they said. They said to them
I will ask Everyone I meet to help me to understand
what this experience has been given me —
Then is something we share, perhaps — I do not know
I do not want the things I know about me. I want to be
in difference; I want volume: I want to be dashed like a
stone on the beach by the wave. Like tearing
Chimneys & cranes bent & pierced; Jane afar Jane; mean &
indifferent. Now I am rid of hellenes & [illegible] indulgence - I am
[illegible] the decks & the wood, with the ghost ghost beside me.
It is in I am ready now. Rough water with the ghost
ghost beside me. I am no fellow & we have been fried
both a year from some petty tyranny. I will buy

But I will not seek; I will force myself now to [illegible] ordinary; with these things. & for me at my pace & by

a branch of violets.
She stopped at the corner of Oxford Circus &
bought a branch; they were long stalked & tied round with
leaves in a [illegible]. The
And I will walk no further than Bond Street: I will force
myself to stop: & I will go in & buy Stockings.
I will not indulge in fluency. I will not from that
or make a phrase of my experience. I will
plunge my hand into the ice cold water. & dabble
& hold it there

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of milk-straw. And ~~then~~ I will find something ~~that~~ to give
Perceval, between him & me. I will buy a branch of violets —
make a wreath. There is always an old man at the
corner, selling violets. I will go to Oxford Street & buy a
pair of stockings. I will do great things: but I will do them
Exactly, with precise understanding of each movement, as an
offering to Perceval, between him & me.

under the Mummeries, as

Neville & Jinny were angry with me. They laughed. They
knew & whisper & embrace in drawing-room sofas when
the servants are gone to the play & the husbands are out, & the
wife in the country — that is love, they said.
I will ask Eugene I meet to help me to understand
what this experience which has been given me —
Then is something we share, if we could communicate.
I do not want the things I know about me. I want to be
in difference; I want oblivion: I want to be dashed like a
stone on the beach by the wave. Like feeling
Chimneys & cranes vent & pass?
I like this cold ~~rough water~~; I am glad sad; mean &
indifferent. Now I am rid of hellenism & self-indulgence - I am
~~sodden the decks & the wood with the great ghost beside me.~~
It is as I am reading Keats. Rough walk with the great
ghost beside me. I am no fellow & we have been fried
both upon some petty tyranny. I will buy
a branch of violets.

That I will force myself not to speak: I will have stop. & for me at any pace & by

She stopped at the corner of Oxford Circus &
bought a branch; they were ~~big violets~~ set round with
leaves in a cone. The
And I will walk no further than Bond Street: & I will force
myself to stop: & I will go in & buy Stockings.
I will not indulge in fluency. ~~I will from that~~
or make a phrase of my experience. I will
plunge my hand into the ice cold water.
& hold it there

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hate them people. I hate them. The word hunk would please Pilate under
that Caesar unconsciously dealt out; You might all die; as you
ghastly crack like villains — people from the suburbs, with parcels,
Carrying parcels unconsciously buying tips
God you have left me to undergo this indignity. for
this which is before me - I am twenty five: & I shall live to be
old perhaps, & I shall And I have no wish to do so. I have had
seen, as I have, have already known already, as I told them
at dinner what it may contain. Contain what they have
I am ashamed to laugh, but the only consolation now comes from
image: I see you already, thrust thro' head & body,
pierced with arrows; I see you with the tendency to the rake of some
further advantage: I see the beach. & the boat, from which
you have landed, drifting away: And there conceal
images make me happy & they will come, flushes & flushes,
when at night comes, & I need not endure the perpetual
interruption.
Let me then escape for a moment from my
often fiercely. I will & make magic of the magic as I
walk along & feel them; I wave & the sea; & the moon
as he was. very. We are alone together; we have mounted our horses;
we have escaped; & at last is come to warm you,
we dismount, & I give you this - branch of violets.
And now I have said; because I am trying to say to
you what strange fools we are - my dear fate. to dance
to the crowded, hideously by these private ceremonies; by these
Gifts from one to another, vehement words; I walk busy my
Workings now, holding my violets.
Would believe that this shop is garden. & every thing
has an order, a harmony; & dignity in the movements of the
Were fish. Would believe that the Gods, are
persevering beauty. Would believe that I have need
make myself liked, admired; I craved & early understand the
feelings & everybody here. I am a There are the halls &
warm hotness when we enter only at when in some hell,
as from the in the storm.
I thank them the violets into the fishes before they
have become

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Here we draw breath. ~~especially~~ Spread our wing, ~~in the still~~
~~blustering heat of~~ / then of course, ~~how endearing~~ the shadows falls.
~~The Unicorn I am aware of some impediment after this~~
~~I do not understand why~~ when that the dark girl ~~opens the~~
pulls out the drawer ~~the tears to the fair face~~ says something
hard, cutting, to the fair girl. She is dejected, vindictive: she
~~hides away they coarse Herbert~~ There is no decency; Mrs
~~something~~ had destroys my Espérance, ~~with it~~ I want
~~the~~ me Co in fatibility: & Then new, he may my bell, to take my
paces; ~~to face the Hyde & hatred the Impersonal of all~~
& I say, no that I am in Oxford Street, why have you
at-nervous! why have you trampled out the mud the
only flower you ever bore - ugly, & vindictive &
Hateful heinous boys & dowdy, who is afraid of being
laughed at for his Australian accent, sits in an Eating
house in the City pretending to read the sharing column in
the Evening paper (because he is a timid & a disturbed
Snob): & he says he will reduce me to order so that he
can love me. ~~to~~ began ~~told~~ me to be anything rather so
abhorrence he, the lover of mankind, therefore hates us.
Bern He healed Percival-Bernard, who rolls his
r's now making phrases ~~beautiful & bad~~, juggling with
words, very comfortable in an arm Chair, with Jenny
I, afraid at ~~that~~ one moment at nothingness, yet
even enjoy the violence ~~of~~ my own vexation, & pray
respectfully to this denegation of my friends. ~~I see nothing~~
~~discrete in any of them. I see their the factors.~~ Then I see them
Indecent & ignoble fecline. And this is my offering to

Percival

But there were a hollow in which I held a branch of roses
I write that held them, but so that I do not see them &
delight them. I will go to some Museum where they keep
rings or old Cabinets under shades. I will go to
or I will find a train to Hampton Court & look at the
red ~~low~~ walls the avenues; the
but then I should stumble a crowd buying tickets watch other people.
The greatest escape is mine - here - the large more [illegible] - here
half in room a no - here a seat by myself at the end [illegible]

height
Is it right? is it
more than
physical
weakness!

That Hardness
my vision
Thin.

When my
sensations
fail me.

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hall looking at the redoubtable Mamboyaney & that absurd
Jew for the morning festivalgoers in brian hatch.
She took her seat at the end of the hall, among the
decorous, & rather somnolent audience for seamen's
afternoon.

the Hun
from the
Creation &
finding the
pond.

And we, the raid, who are so impervious to emotion,
who have come from beef & kidneypudding in deplorable
Essence in respectable clothes, hairy & refleshed
ourselves perfectly conscienceless, for more life:
We are parasites, vampires - like clusters like maggots on
the back of something which will carry us forward.
Every face has a look of repletion & greed; ~~a false refreshment;~~
of knowing more, than the girl who sold flowers: and
they know nothing. Tinted, powdered, with their grey whale-hair
drawn round their ears, their long nails, their white gloves
their little bags, their lap-dogs, & clean shaven cheeks, for
a smell more leathe, they fill the hall with
used air; ~~exhalations~~ exhalations; the old stock ~~of~~ phrases nervous
which will never again which can only repeat what it is
been said at lunch parties at tea parties, ~~what it is~~ about
perfectly safe to say. And then it the rage they do.
Beethoven
also Mozart
Mad
For a lady, ~~with big eyes~~ stylish have their, like a sea lion,
swollen but contained in Newbery green-wool rings;
She assumes, after her first smirk, an air of tragedy, & looks
her likes me or twice. While the little man helps the
accompaniment. And then the fathers lonely brethren or at
precisely the right moment ~~the~~ sings. Ah!
This - for ~~Lucky Star~~ And this Ah that I say. I am liberated by
that low. I am crying out musically inarticulately. Not understood.
Futile, exasperated [illegible], what they try to convey.
With the voice steely. Not that which remains passionate,
like a wolf howling; or a mother lamenting her
child (as I think my eyes were between the green & agonized
jewels shake) but these shrill & piercing cries
- these again - a grieving & moaning voice, asked
this the voice of the pale brown woman, in love, at the
window, in Venice - this negress; & she has come to
the window that looks at the Canal.
this

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over- We are shaken back into ourselves again That is what we want to cry out like Jude proven worse, a loss. ate wounds both our already, our present selves, we want for the loss very nature pain them to take them as it does us a system.
Then is to be mozart. And now I am going to think of Percival.
I will try to find out I will think this journey
Percival would have ~~said~~ ~~Yes~~ ~~thinking~~ ~~in~~ ~~with~~ ~~wondering like the~~
Monet: he would have laughed ate all, looking like a person
alone solemnly; over respectabilities: he would have seen wanting
like the waves: he would have stood humbly like the man
in a restaurant laughs. He would have wandered vaguely among the
peacocks there in Florence; he would have lifted a hand at the peacock here,
meeting him there, would have hey just as all this would
a) many out to meet him. Atmosphere (for this is future, to be
thinking of him - he is not here -) am letting it mean) to have
Are ~~he~~ come in from the street I find this; we who have made of
this can not be what we seem; we have in us this
dancing flame - this hooked blade. There is something that
we have made to explain the rest: There is, in Cezanne street,
an architecture, a beautifully ballet: There is something
explanatory, carrying: This more than a cry from the lips.
A wolf howling This a perfectly constructed, fibbles: are
theme heads to another: by a series of combinations &
similarities, of ordered inevitably, more & broken, woven together,
discords & harmonies, reality & invention, & at last
coming together; And they as lose gave they another is
restored; hope the It would seem as if he had
contacted a perfect dwelling silence: the low movements are
hales; & there can be very little left now - It appeals me
has made this: we are not as determined & narrower a
he seem. It is to be found in Cezanne street - an
Exposition, a flame, a complete exposition. The is on Carolina.
And the sweetness, the rest, the comfort, overflowing, runs
down the walls glistened, & instead of leaving my friend,
I think of Lowes, in his shabby house. He likewise my
friend. Intensely sensitive, & most
personable; he will take his he is to be Foolish, &
by no means successful. Timid: but with an
intensity that I cannot match. Suffering, often from worse
overwhelmed by an. He has no home. He takes

breathe shaken with the thick-
coming tears they
recognize someone-
further away

without light
understood
She is very
close

the

a woman
come to the
window in
Venice.

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Bend
& kneels

his
lovely
Cantonese
melody
on this)

was per

Yet
Such I refuse
because this present
Claim upon my
help.

Ita is ashamed of her Cachet. She dances for you - the poor people (as I do) over hot coals, & her pleasures are more simple: a flower. And I love Japan - the people, & life are all superstitions & against some misery? The third

Liberalis also some vein of compassion, of melancholy & understanding. She profoundly sad. Louis, for example. in that Eating house. He thinks that I do not see him. But I follow him with admiration & love, when, because, when he has paid his bill, out of his little lean purse takes his way back to the City into Asia: & cannot buy anything: & has not pleasure. Yet thinks of Persia or Arabia, thinks with a hatred that is pity compassion, of the relaxed, the meanness, the sordid Pictable of suffering & ignorant life; finds a beggar; & thought is in Heart allied to me, who will understand - Yet dislike him, in the instinct for his bad manners, & his appeal for help. And The dislikes me; dislikes Jenny; is contemptuous; is solitary; as if I went to find him, endeavouring to give me in something which in she not want to have. & can only We are all Enrolled by this to bound & bound. It is a needs Compassionate by this wound. We have had our differences melted from after. which is, almost entirely not sad. Yes, terribly sad. when always sad? Japan when also alas cried. When the postman Clapped & the letters were brought her, She read that one Straightway burnt into dear, there, in Calcutta, before the maid; the Hong Kong robbery - sublime: to be adored, for her insolence - there is the Old home with those Stone Floors. because she would not marry him: in the room with the Stone Floor, because She would not marry him; & the Pyrenicus, that why he loved her: yet she would not marry her.

But now; since this is over, & they can have come back for the third time to bow, not so superciliously, but rather as if they had at last found some thank, Jews Some Separately that they had around something - they are nothing than - face - they are no longer

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a letter should be delivered, Consolation,

to Spruce & Johnson - they also spread much more openly some uncertain & Contempt, yet both about for understanding, I will go. There is another Quarter after this; but my ears are They will ring again, & bleed again; but I shall understand no more. nothing. My ears without

And so I go, before I need present against Heaven, How Keep this attitude until night: could How

The came out into the street. I

I can remain in a state

& began to walk quickly with her eyes fixed ahead of her. & shall keep the sense of perfect relieved of intermission: very still magnificent It has become heart yet melody This is my reality. This is that which I have only Comes like only now & then, My thoughts The dark fin which passes far out across the bay; something — I can just see passing, like a dark fin, the fin of some very remote fleet fish when I am & I see it, too, in a landscape sometimes, When I am alone the waste of the sea; This is what Egeals is sometimes visible for a moment in a landlake. When the I am drawn, very unwillingly, always through a waste of loneliness, of distain, when Every thing has failed, when I have no Existence & this my fate to have no existence, no flexibility, no natural happiness: then I achieve this place for a moment some where infinitely fleetful to my soul which has it real; with something that am aware of some Existence not alone; from presence, being. There is the flat marsh, there is the grey sea; & in order to bound this painful sense, I would dissolve all my powers. I would have no intermission: I would not forge ahead though the streets deadened but anyone turned to take me: I walked hurried if somebody asks me the time, or say, what: And I will indulge myself, today, because Perceval is dead, & this is my General Service. I will

I see on the horizon, like the fin of a giant or on the horizon I can feel pressing my body against hers each heavy & breathing laugh,

with the

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I will set out this Evening & make the pilgrimage. —
Go to Greenwich: I will walk up & down ~~on a~~ by the
Thames, on a little embankment. ~~I will be very quiet~~
I shall be alone, save for one old man reading a newspaper in a
Stan Shelter. Then, when I am tired, I shall ~~go~~ see the ships
ships, ~~bowling~~ up: one with a woman on deck & a small
dog. They are going out to sea this Summer Evening
And that sight will fill me with quietness. ~~Why~~? Because
they are moving, away; because they are leaving us;
because they are like Percival, vanishing: And I shall
drop my branch of violets into the ~~surge which the ships make~~
waves which flap industriously against the piers. That will
be my ceremony, my dirge.
And then I will go again ~~the~~ some times. The sun hastens to set out
sea, I shall in my ~~dress to be taken to that keeping~~
sense of nothingness, loosen my hands deliberately, let
fall into the ~~little~~ waves what treasure against the piers my
violets. That will be my ceremony, my token to Percival.

lean on the rail

in the tide

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Suddenly, with some breeze, every leaf in the tree flickered: the
new
tremendous effect moved seemed became for a moment
flicked into life, like
many colour; seemed to lift itself & to be ready for
Shaking its feathers like the hawk, ready for flight.
Through all the flowers the dawn was alight
a sudden flaunt flaunt & flash; & then like the
flame eye fire burning Caltha the green glass eye
of lake; whose water then seem to rock from
side to side, bending the reeds, bed wetting the dry
tufts of sea weed on the bank — like the or it was
like crying which, when every body is listening
irrepressible mockery, as the satyr like smile,
which when all laugh has been drawn together in
solemnity for some time, cracks the mask & makes
the whole proceeding seem too ridiculous: too
solemn. And then there is again uniformity.

Now a night the three have lost our youth — Neville said.
We who, only a year or two ago, were unbearable
perfectly unattacked & had to sit anywhere — in street fights
who had to whom anything might happen. with the down
who decided the being rather always hanging
who had no notion whether we were this or that —
we are now young old fogies — either marrying
like Bernard breeding children — or finding nothing is
like so desirable as this room.

Look at the fire light running up & down the gold
threads in the curtain: there are knots brown
upon the wall. Something moves in the
looking glass. And we have had a day which
is like might have been written by Mozart;

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~~probably~~ Cadogy to Melody; Only the wonder was that ~~the only~~
there ~~was nothing~~ was made of nothing but what one does ~~every~~ day.
naturally. I had not finished my breakfast when you came.
And then never a line nothing — nothing and the way through
~~and~~ so we walked from Regents Park to the Embankment;
~~By a complete chance we saw~~ & so we became involved in an
~~argument about number.~~ talking about ourselves. & we
~~were not bored for a moment~~ — ~~Indeed~~ Everything I saw
seemed to have a particular ~~significance~~ meaning the wigs in
Haverdenery windows, ~~Even the~~ How amusing, how grubby —
made a laugh. And then we sat down ~~one~~ where ~~in a park~~
~~to contemplate~~ the Canal ~~which~~ became suddenly ~~a~~ the
utmost importance. One had suddenly the feeling
that ~~for ourselves there could be~~ we were the only
people — very intimate, but not in the disagreeable sense
when one wants more than the other: we were
And so one relaxed in chair, with ~~you~~ in another;
& I suppose this — if one could face it — the end of all
~~the things~~ that made us so remarkable when we were young
~~How can we carry out any~~ Enterprise? How can we be ~~sure~~ sure of
~~How can we carry out any~~ Integrity, & Unconditionality mutual. & We shall
~~never speak the truth~~ Then we were ~~all~~ ~~long~~ perched about
bay naked, ~~in~~ like boys on a deck, squirting each other
with the hose pipe: & now ~~suddenly~~ — ~~all~~ that seems
Child's play, & we ~~are excited~~ up: we have found a room,
where we can go & be alone together. ~~We are finite contact~~
~~Just nothing more.~~ ~~To be with you — to you to be with me —~~
~~That is enough. Indeed~~
What can happen is that we have left the
We can make this into an entire Universe — we can
read books, & see ~~likenesses~~ Cameos ~~life~~ aspects of
Each other faces in the lurking glare — unknown ~~sides~~ sides,
& those we shall discuss; & we shall know you are
away something will happen that I can tell to you
only. ~~It will be~~ Something ugly; & then I shall

only for we had each other then we had now told again etc.

There will be no one.

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see you unto the people; but we
was that you favour them:
I shall it will absorb me: — & so we shall soon.
Now is this the right way of life, or is this the wrong way?
And one day — the whole thing will have vanished. It will
happen (for you or for me) just as casually as one opens a letter.
~~It will be so. One will look back upon today as one~~
One will throw away the envelope — done with: all over.
~~Lord, this all very odd:~~

I shall see you talking to strangers in a crowd. I
shall think ~~there is something~~ ~~with a false shock,~~
that there is something that I do not know. I shall be
jealous & curious. I shall investigate you back,
& say we shall sit here, in this twilight, making sure
that there is nothing that we cannot share. Sometimes
we shall bring each other almost impossible
problems — because, ~~it is obviously true that you are not to~~
other people ~~will~~ ~~upon~~ whether you can resist ~~the~~
certain seductions: ~~I do~~ influence, temptations. ~~Odd~~
~~there is always the risk that somebody may~~
& therefore we shall ~~This change must be allowed for. And it may be~~
~~the~~ change ~~that making some one new being absent must be~~
~~accounted for.~~ So we shall
So you will come in after breakfast?

~~By~~ making
I shall get up & take down a book.
You will be sitting there, ~~pretending asleep, pretending~~
pretending asleep probably doing something with your hands.
Every word I read ~~will be different owing to your~~
with be read under your eyes, with some slight, but
curious difference owing to your presence. I read
always. For example, read it aloud. Then
I am aware, even if we say nothing ~~to each other~~,
of the ~~health~~ of your body. ~~I hear your~~ And so

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It goes on, this intimacy, in this room; this walking together & looking in at hairdressers shops. It has its reality; makes its difference. But goes on, this intimacy, in this room, this walking together this looking in at hairdressers shops, or strays he we go to look at pictures, or hear a concert, or do nothing so respectable – merely laugh & laugh; Oh yes & about people we hate certain things intensely. We hate ~~the~~ the ~~old~~ ; the stupid; the Philistine; the successful: we feel them hostile to ~~our~~ our ~~[illegible]~~ that we care for – we feel that ~~if Shakespeare was~~ Shakespeare would have liked us. ~~And~~ This intimacy ~~therefore is very often~~ Therefore we often come in, to find each other, laid with rage; to inhabit some small, low house; & to decorate some party; to shred the imperfections, vanities & the worldly; & to laugh & to laugh. Also we look up tables. We ~~feel~~ I know what you like; you what I like. Then, with our eyes streaming, we observe everything, for instance a tea party; or, ~~we~~ in a railway carriage. Our ears are pricked. I ~~become~~ am also, though not very well adapted ~~to the matter~~, to live a whole life – I am too far down, too low – I am ~~rather~~ immensely impulsive; & very good at perceiving out the ~~beginning~~ beauty, & mood, & words, the shrewd word & sentence & phrase which indicate the beginning or ending of love – its difficulties, its complexities. I ~~have~~ can ~~I am very skilful at~~ ~~do~~ which I then weave together, here in this room, when the lights are turned up, the ~~good~~ head in the curtain; ~~with~~ ~~also~~ My mind ~~has~~ has much subtler than yours, is ~~of course not so less direct~~ rather impeded, because I am quite incapable of saying what I mean. ~~And~~ I ~~cannot talk to them~~ as ~~you~~ can. ~~I am~~ of enjoying violent scenes

never say Between do words the Carts come to Covent Garden

intimacy. about which we have an almost religious fury

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dependent when you for the ~~Attack, overwhelming~~ Effluence —
like rage & Yearnings — ~~you could knock a man down: you~~
my violence has ~~the publicity~~ withdrawn from that fact. I am
always, in green, a little irritable.

Now I shall die very

And ~~if~~ ~~not~~ ~~that~~ one day you will not come in after
breakfast. I deserve ~~that time when we were not~~
more magnificent to have no such attachments.
Perhaps I had no attachments — ~~what~~ ~~what it~~
~~pleased him to call~~ 'love' in Japan: but there was
~~particularly~~, or as we call it, carnal.
~~Unfortunately~~ I am ~~drowned to be that~~ fated to be one
of those people ~~not often~~ whom a woman, like they is the
beauty of ~~timber~~ ships, or the companionship of Mynx?
~~Like~~ love, is a necessity. I can could not ask about Indian
in a helmet. ~~Return~~ to a bungalow I am when I
wake in the morning I ask merely when are you coming
~~Everything hinges on that~~. ~~I cannot~~ ~~you~~ Everything changes
as you come in.

At the mystery — Eglamont Ethel: even the children glow with wonder. Effect "Thus"

But would be better behaves to
Go into a hall; to mount a blast horn; to ~~address society~~
& make a great speech.

~~=~~ He cracked the whip down on the wall.
The wave ~~broke~~ fell on the shore, ~~mysteriously~~ ~~regularly~~ ~~irregularly~~. like the head of a
charmed elephant; like the beat of carpets; or a
mallet drawn a stake further & further. ~~The~~
wind ~~to its level sound~~, the wind ~~seemed to~~
suggested ~~Coal~~ black water; cooled; smooth;
like polished steel; so dark that it reflects nothing.
but falls heavily enough to break anything
Then, he cracked with the force of a spring. The
wave cracked back & fell again

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And I would like to know the history of every person in the room,
said Jenny. "I would like to know who that tall gentleman
bending down with the gesture of a butler to talk to the old
lady on the sofa. His success in life & he is obviously
very successful, must have been ~~odd~~ something to do
with stooping. She, on the other hand has always
commanded. Her wrinkled face is full of authority.
The ~~is~~ must be ~~worse~~ aged duchess who ~~performs~~ rules when he
goes breeding ~~+ get with~~ — I guess that she is the
daughter of that old Scotch Earl — & has no doubt that
her manners are the only ~~to~~ ones known don't of
any kind. ~~He rewards~~ address to. I suppose she has a
parrot. ~~The Queen lunch parties~~. Everyone who comes in
pays her a little homage, if she wishes it.

~~I am~~ (When) I am with people of my own age,
~~I do not think of asking~~ cannot naturally I am —
if you will forgive my saying so — absorbed I am
absorbed by ~~watching~~ to ~~the effect~~ of my body about on them; ~~I~~
~~forget that we are~~ (I am twenty six; I am ~~married~~ 4 years
~~+ my first baby was born last March~~) But
with you, ~~who must be~~ I become aware that
~~who cannot feel the~~ my body is ~~not~~ ~~Eve~~ ~~strength~~
~~these two entities~~ — ~~Even~~ in this room — & I want to
I am aware of this remarkable curiously. Tell me
why the voices of all these people listen try to guess
~~what they~~ are; & what has ~~brought them together~~
has happened to them before this moment.?

~~+~~ I knew him at Oxford ~~+~~ he ~~reminded~~ (~~that Jenny~~
had not heard his name) why have they come here?
Life is full of extraordinary ~~Combinations~~. Look,
I used to watch the door opening &
meeting:

Crumpled, wrinkled,

whose together has always been around

I am now

Butler in tails

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thinks my life is going to be changed.

× He is about Lilly; he has never married; ~~he~~ for many years he has lived alone. He has a house, ~~& there are~~ he has large surroundings, lovely works of beauty. But he is not happier; we do not pick him to be happy. ~~because beauty is not enough.~~ There is a fantastic story connected with his ~~early life~~ - A girl died. Since then he has collected ~~secret~~ pictures of her - a beautiful portrait, because only ~~one~~ of them are beautiful - they are broken. Look He is much younger after. His collection of duchesses - ~~but~~ We are making up his character: an early ~~misfortune~~; disappointment; dabbling in occult colours: but we know nothing. And he is ~~good~~ devoted to some old lady in Bayswater - But - Jack tells us Lucia, if we shall add them, as if we were decorating a Christmas tree. He ~~he~~ was also a soldier once. He saves the damp stood shutting men into action. He lost his little finger in an ~~ice~~ attack. All that happened long ago. There are ~~strange~~ hints to be added - Chiena, Rome: Indeed I fancy this ~~fished~~ him. If he were to reveal his soul: Look how his eyes, generally so steady, ~~are~~ veering, flicker. Also he is a ~~bore~~; ~~I~~ has the habit of ~~good~~ words. And is a great authority upon working steel. But he ~~speaks~~ - hang you Lucy deeply; for he is money; & charity he moves, we feel attached by his power, which ~~makes~~ ~~us~~ our little remarks - Chevalier all seem molten like a sea. ~~He~~ And he sometimes works. Monday. And that lady there, is obviously not at home: Shall we say that she has come because

Lucy

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An admirer some [illegible] Jack is now —

Love & Hayley — & he Doyle — Hayley: a rotten [illegible] drinks, perhaps too much: is writing for ta. among his lots.

She, the lady by the fire black, a cockney a actual

"Lucy Forbes" is the great niece of a distinguished Statesman.

but he was a distinguished Statesman.

I do not remember his name. remember his

real name. She has a horse too. A little dog runs at her

barking when you come in. I thank Her talk is always

about the hunt. You will find her mannerisms the

same in a curious way. drawing Book given in

June: — And I think She was loved by some one:

I think he was killed in battle. And Told

that she is, quite unspeakably, very sweet

at the head of a [illegible] And so, — And. She has a

manage, a [illegible], a housekeeper, a habit, an institution; —

What can it be —? ale wife of a stout [illegible] in the hall. You will find her

Tigney Cheyne. I think she walks early [illegible] the

Walk [illegible] some place of business. One visit her by

afternoon. I am not sure she at all. I am

[illegible]. a cockney tramp. A spinster. aged almost

to [illegible]. devoted to a father. And unconscious,

darling Lucy: And better to you. And

beloved. Yes And rather poor. And afflicted.

& with dear poor. And has her sadness.

[illegible] harsh; still drawing comfort from Uncle Robert.

[illegible]

At first. such is life. he

" And. But And that is a Judge: a he is a

Keeps swans; & he is one great [illegible]

That is And that is a Judge. a That is a ship owner.

There however is some body different known & loved. it

turned to interesting to know. it has spent his life

in the dullest & all occupations, seems to

but remains charming.

& That is a very much young man: in whom

who cannot do something [illegible]

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are responsible
for such.

But you want me to think about the elderly because they have done their life. Of Therefore I am always repeating the words tragedy & failure. ~~as of~~ The word such
There was no such thing as mean: as one fashions these lives,
crudely. Here is happiness May: & then, like a painter
bringing the more ~~&~~ to that add a unhappiness.
And artists are untrue ~~to~~ to life; & yet you will
agree that there must be, that which contains. We are
all in such a tight sack

~~But what can you do with~~ these facts? ~~No wonder I looked at~~ Create anything?
~~And they~~ There is no
I have never seen any more people before. Whether they are
merely spectacles - But how can you make them take
into anything conjecture! They do not present a
philosophy. You cannot deduce from them if
life is good or bad. You can only feel that
they have something in them; here is an
organization; ~~to them~~ for you, there is a
different here is something that has taken shape.
Let us then discuss ~~the~~ what they make.
In the first place, they persuade one, that
that old man is ~~no more~~ ~~was~~ ~~heroic~~ the has
seldom And why are we here? To
dine with a certain Friday Evening. All
these people have done something to make Friday—
they have looked up the lights & the days—in
the city some of them, or in their castellated towns or
drawing-rooms - Now they have hooded their
experience for a time: we feel we a common
atmosphere; ~~of~~ they have created an attitude
common to them all. But you can see
that they often withdrew into one that is private
there is ~~A~~ somebody who has come here

they are like
the leaves of
Coral.
)

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in order to escape from an [illegible] situation. ~~He loves~~ is a
~~wretched home, drives him~~ His wife [illegible] ~~drinking~~ with
Men who are married are obliged
morally to indulge in the common atmosphere of
a drink. To love his ~~wife~~ one of fact. His
son is a failure; a his wife [illegible] an invalid. There is
here an immense amount of [illegible] — home
could be built by the [illegible] hours. Careers decided.
Lives have been [illegible]. But there is also a common
fund of experience: so many of them men + women are
fathers + mothers; they are cognizant of each
others anguish about teething or measles; + have
both to hide. ~~And there are those who~~
a common sympathy. Also there are their
[illegible] irreconcilable lives. I have only two [illegible]
very few facts; ~~No doubt~~ I would ~~add~~ tell
you that I jumped over that man's back 30
years ago at my [illegible]. But what I remember is
my own heart: only little fragments of other lives
& interest us — Much is never known — a known
wrongly. He was very brave [illegible] in life —
saved a man from drowning. He ~~married~~
has been married three times — the last time to his
[illegible] nurse. He ~~left~~ has made a
[illegible] discovery ~~about the~~. And if this is all I
know, And it is we who are making
this particular Friday. You can not deny that.
Historians will ~~wish to know~~ try to find out whether
made. This very important. You are
perfectly right to be curious about peoples lives.
You are perfectly right to sit here, a little
withdrawn & ask questions. ~~He~~
There are Each of these people has a home;
& has contributed to the making of the present

that room
I entered.

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~~moment. Each is~~

That man ~~was~~ is an architect. ~~Was there is no tragedy~~ whatever in ~~his~~ life. ~~He~~ He is wealthy. ~~Everything~~ He ~~married~~ married a very ~~rich~~ woman. ~~Needless to say he is.~~ He is ~~not~~ not successful. He ~~is fully~~ has ~~Not having contracted any~~ He has ~~work~~. He has a curious disposition — ~~always telling~~ he never says anything ~~He will always tell his~~ When I called his ~~forenames~~ with an answer. He retired on a pension. That man rode round Europe on a donkey. He next ~~retired on typhus~~. He became a diplomat. He was in a Russian revolution. He has ~~always~~ done ~~three~~ a home in Norfolk. He married a rich widow. He is now too old to do more than talk. He is ~~Ordaly~~. He is seventy. He has a bone disease which will kill him suddenly. ~~That man is~~ the ~~son of a great~~ a very distinguished. He is Collecting materials for a book on his own family. That man is ~~nobody; he has~~ a journalist: he has also been a jeweller: he was ~~in~~ in a bank; then he is ~~an author~~ he determined to live life; & lost the first finger of the right hand ~~some where~~ — contracted a limp. He is also a most devout Catholic & goes to Lourdes every year. ~~There~~ he is ~~homeless~~ & has no home — lives in clubs. That woman was famous for her beauty. having been a famous ~~She then decided~~ to take for life in the country. ~~And Keeps~~ a breed cats. ~~then~~ She wrote to ~~London~~ to visit ~~do more~~. She has a family for fortune telling. She ~~wrote~~ writes — under the influence of the stars. ~~And~~ And has adopted an Armenian ~~Lizard~~. And ~~Lady~~ is a friend of the ~~Prime Minister~~ That man is. ~~But~~ That lady in silver

it feels Collecting materials for a book on his own family.

Does she need something to do with bulldog C. Earl Jr.

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- has been given me much beloved. ~~Her regret~~ I cannot be
me ah

But what can you construct out of all this?
There is an immense amount of knowledge in this room.
We ~~could get~~ Between them they could build Cathedrals,
~~but~~ dictate policies, ~~&~~ condemn men to death. I see
Several factions, undertones. The common fund of
experience is very deep. Most of these people have children, ~~&~~
who are falling ill, & having examinations. They
have made today Friday: & two they are In one way or
another they have made this particular Friday;
This ~~might be Carlyon about them~~ & directly
They have left to morrow the whole thing begins over again:
some to the Courts, some to the Inquiries, others to the
Nurseries, ~~others to the~~ The variety is endless. I could go on
But what can you ~~see Struct out of this~~?
And they will all go away, the raid, & they will
~~take photographs out in Thousand boats~~. Some
will be taking train to morrow for France. Others will go on
to India. Many will never come into this room again.
Some will One of them may die tonight. The
only one will beget a child. From them ~~hands~~ every kind
of building, law, book, child, idea, picture, a life
~~with rain~~ The ~~crowd~~ will spring from them.
No doubt you could go on forming new lists of facts
ad infinitum; & each list would be a jumble of addition
& ~~Think here~~ I see that ~~many~~ all live by
breathing ~~through their~~ mouths they ~~have~~ nothing
~~They have very little in common~~ Their adventures are
hardly related.

~~And this is the joy of life, the raid;~~
~~And~~ I am twenty; And we two are
part of that astonishing aggregation; we cannot
help ourselves. May I am also a We are
also making today, ~~&~~ Nothing can prevent us: we
are battered about - we also knock against each
other - what I delight in, the raid,
other -

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I love crowds crowded ways People in the busy part of the town want to see or.

for I am ~~not~~ as you see, ~~too~~ very easily stirred by any thing physical - the body excites me - I cannot long remain seated - I must be ~~about to~~ love. the active. The bold. the practical - I wish to be ~~suit~~ to go among them. I wish to go quickly. & to feel ~~and~~ the shock of collision. I ~~want to~~ I must jump up. & clear you. ~~or because~~ I cannot say of the ~~is~~ you a bad. You but facts mean nothing more to me. I listen hoarding up ~~useless~~ facts, facts thus. I am young new made ~~this very striking~~ & into that uneasy crowd, of Roman Catholics & disappointed old women & the man who collects: who hole: & the man who rode..

Everything in the room was ~~new~~ extremely clear. The resin odour of the chair; the ~~cupboard. the~~ grain of the cupboard; the fabric on the mat. Everything was exact & brilliant & crowded & ~~without~~ shadow. Outside the leaves, multitudinous on the trees, fluttered separately; ~~or seemed~~ & the figures passed innumerably & detached; & the grass every was many blades. how & they came level. A trumpet blew the whole of the ~~regulation~~ clown, a hand stop; but even as the ~~wood~~ lead, each blade ~~covered or together~~ - ~~figures~~ ~~flashed~~ separately. duly off & flashed

Nicholas, reading in his room, raised his head & ~~I am~~ like a woman that has taken its way into the wedding a new old frame - and I who feel that my life has Exalted mellow & lean, & therefore when I walk down the Strand Yet. Then is a dream: it is not happier; & it has happened before. I ~~is~~ to Perhaps is dead - yes, but Perhaps has died a million times. He died in Egypt. ~~new~~ My has hasten to Cyrus. He died in Egypt. new My has hasten to glo. We are parts yes was. ~~wh~~

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Louis, drowning his coffee in the milk ~~and~~ and looked up over the
letter book of Latin poetry, ~~which lay beside his tabli-~~
-er reed, looking up, it becomes increasingly difficult.
Italy can know for lunch. ~ If I am (as I) must write my
name in a book. And my inheritance of Epicurus is
part. I have lived millions of years. I am like a
worm that has eaten its way into the wood of a very
old & precious frame. This is a dream, I feel; it has not
happened; or this for has millions of times
who have become after all these ages, happened before. And I
yet but he has died a million times. He died in
Egypt; he died in Greece & then in part of the
eternal procession: Spring & winter; our fruitless &
senseless rebellion. Down the strand they go, with
hand attaché cases as they went with hatchets down
the hill; And I, who am above ground for a
moment as my lung flaps, come to think with Lucretius
to try to understand what our position is: we
who live here & now. Must only for a moment.
My lunch interval lasts precisely half an hour;
in moments of press I eat a bun on a stool in
the office. The white dentures
The typewriters, the telephones are always clicking:
nothing at the little agency Island; for
I am really in love with typewriters & telephones. I like to
be asked to come to the Bunch & I yawn in order to
exhaust whom our Commentaries to Cicero.
My heart leaps up when I am given a use of
a twelvepence pounds a year. at the same
time I know that unless I can try an enormous
effort of concentration, read there fleeting
impressions into one & out of the many

Jessica is married & has a child: She has been married ten years: her children are red men: & fat babies.

Jacked in me.

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& assemble myself ~~into one~~; & be one person; exist here & now
wholly; not in streaks & patches, sometimes remembering
what Plato said, then how Napoleon conquered — when I can
gather all the force in me upon the moment
when I can be myself, & I am weighty & sharp as a
hatchet, can fell any oak if I drop with my full
weight: then I am ~~a~~ penetrating: like a snow fall: that
be wasted. And the first necessity is to
~~lace tight~~ ~~see~~ to be able to read Lucretius ~~confound~~ & stir-
ring up cups; & feeling ~~understand~~ ~~how~~ the clerks ~~who~~ ~~talk of~~
are talking, & who are ~~to~~ telling about racing & betting; &
& the ~~girl who~~ passion glow ~~in the eyes of the~~ in waitresses: &
~~the~~ & by understanding I mean ~~relate all~~ ~~this~~ believe
reduce it to the same ~~system~~ logical order that I reduce
this line of poetry. Nothing should seem irrelevant.
or ~~untidy~~; like a piece of brown paper on the
floor. And their occupations — shall be written an end in
view. And ~~they~~ no type never ~~understood~~ & scare or heard & red of those misprizings fracture &
manuscripts. Those settlements & needs to be
excluded which wants our strength. I shall
~~find it possible~~ to write these few lines of poetry
~~which I shall~~ give back to the street & the
A B C shops ~~as a~~ something which they have lost in
~~the~~ when they were broken upon the stones of the
only beach. But I have only half an hour for lunch: &
already, I am in love with the type writer & telephone.
I never & more dread ~~what I used to look~~. ~~We are~~
I want to be called into the inner room; & to inherit too,
a desk & a carpet. So I am always struggling: I am
a man in a high wind. ~~I can scarcely talk of my~~
~~I must live in attitudes; I must not little~~ buttoned up; gazes refuge in
~~button my coat. I must preserve a~~ strong air. I ~~can~~
I must recognise many of the

The ~~wantoness of~~ appear
stealthy love of the
girl in the sun:

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dreaming there a little bright red. come + rest on my knee & let me
touch her bright; my garments dark + hers a balon:
And I am afraid of so I recollect: so I am
divided: I who have
the dark dead
One leaf rotted loosened by the keenness of the sun,
has broken & fell from the branch; falling it still green +
flowing, irrecovably to the earth, as if it had
heard news first & secretly that awaited
them all, & went beforehand; but in no way
diminished the majesty of the rest. The leaves
yet unchafed
It lay touched on the thick
grass. Above it shook all the others; spread out like
hands of green fish in the sea. bearing back the
sun in wide whole shields; new with green;
while on the topmost bough the hawk poised
immobile; still as something that waits a signal to fly.
On the The fallen waves, falling heavily
alone received the sense of a
something many in meaning; for when they had fallen,
there was a soothing sound, as the foam sought up
the beach, & again was drawn in, & again spread wide.
Around, grey.
In the bathroom
gusan / wrung out the soap suds from the
clothes flannel. The steam of hot water
obscured the windows
where the steam has run down the wounded in streaks,
free the bare tree. I have not been at,
suddenly & in study; I see nothing new, & act like that,
with surprise. Then The steam of baths or
I look up. My hands are
dancers, the
always clothes with soap; or hot & wrinkled
from water; or flowing white with flour. The I

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Go about the house in an apron all day long; in case anyone
wants to wake the children; or whether the summer, whether the
winter, I no longer know by the never fleeting of the heath flowers—
only by the dandelions in the meadows & the hoar frost on the
window pane. When the (work ceases) am I hurrying to
finish the floor. I returned to walk all day
through beech woods, hearing the ~~turning~~ jays scolding, flying
as it felt, pecking pheasants hopping ~~Cowmen~~ Cowmen, as the
word & women herds called to kine, Harry
while the donkey crashed, & the child ran panting through
now & round the room clutching the chairs, hunting
away the linen, mend picking up a brother log. I am
startled with natural happiness. I listen. I hear voices
voices going round the farm, seven cocks. Calves are
born, & lambs, are laid by the fire to warm; & the
& there is always a basket in the kitchen full of puppies.
~~I wake early, but never~~ I sleep all night, & never
see or dawn turn the red drops on the roses, or lie
out, watching the rosy land the heat thatwaves
that wave dark against the night & new pale in the
morning sky.

(Thursday Burgess Lane)

NYPL

March 6th
1930.

all night, watching the sky, the fire from one side of the hearth to the other. Poor ~~Jane~~ would ~~be~~ with their fears with them, ~~and~~ & just a flash, & fine happiness to frighten, an alone, though the so ~~that~~ I now I am always here in the room, ~~at~~ this door with children, ~~they~~ safely

Spring
French & stars now that. I have to see to the fire, I have to see to the knitting. The butcher calls. The meth has to be stood in the shade lest it should sour. And sometimes when I have lit the lamp & stood it in the middle of the table, it light kindles the dark frame, & I think of Landor, & its huge weight & its fiery steels; & its regal parchments; its bright faces; & we journey, - he & I, in his white dress, very carefully descending from a motor car; & then ~~all the~~ I think of the faces, & how they talk - perhaps of the government, perhaps of literature; or do not talk at all, but, ~~as they~~ ~~are~~ withdrawn, press each other's hands. ~~Then~~ ~~we~~ ~~sit~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~wine~~, ~~this~~ ~~year~~, ~~something~~ intoxicating; so that the very chimney on the house opposite ~~has~~ a bend, ~~under the~~ — so ~~Chri~~ the has bent me, in those ~~by~~ away letters that have to be drowned in my fraternal happiness — ~~this~~ ~~dream~~ of ~~Christ~~, ~~this~~ Children - ~~and~~ ~~before~~ so that they may have their stung, before I have pressed out of them something tempting, tasteless, derisive gay-new fierce unreality. ~~Reality~~. my fierce ~~but~~ reality, ~~in~~ my beautiful but horrible nature. ~~Stormy~~ as fine stormy as heather: for Children.

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We are no longer young. Tend your own lives, we are handing them on to others.

The red-eyed hawk flocked at eyelets & rose, mewing & wary above the fir. A breeze shivered through the leaves; for them stirred they lost their green density, became brown, grey, dun-veined as if that splendid uniformity were but apparent

A gust laughed through sedge, felt some chaff. Far away on the horizon a cloud grew whisked like gray hair from the hand; for there had been a frost. The lop-eared rivke from the trains was stretched & torn & beat mixed with the clouds was drawn into them & made part of the rolling & morning Canopy that moved over the Sea. The waves

Curling in. The sea, curling slowly into thick rings of water, coiled on springs, uncurled them suddenly, so that the beach reared reeled again with a blow; the wave ran round the shores of the entire world, now here clear, with naked sedges & stained fish; in it washing the red rocks; here cloudy, where it broke & the naked limbs, of thin brown men, dredgers with their nets dredging; here cloudy, sandy, where it broke suddenly between piers; against sea walls: agony rattling machines.

So The sound we were all separately; the air was full of the long muffled roll; an explosion, a detonation as of some wall falling & heavy withdrawing & again falling a grey calamitous sound, monotonous as a

a long conversation at
Hampton Court.

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On Dislike of Each Other.
What have we done.
the world without any benefit.
Death.
(Rhoda)
a conversation about her.
Why
we have taken on us this
burden of life.

a wall without window, without any slit of light.
Everything in the room was new plain; chair & table &
Cups; & Knives & yet their Edges were becoming
lined with shadow so that their ~~Edges~~ lights
appeared specks; their weight more ponderous;
as if the colour in them had been ~~tilted~~ tilted
a little to one side. The looking Glass
had so much that such deeper hollows, green, white,
were the flash of a Kingfisher. There the bowl of a
spoon, all Negatives darkened & Gathered,
as if the Colours & very beautiful: one might
see a robe like a hill side; here ~~a thin~~
a mountain; high thin mountains; x
deep as a fathomless well; & Enchanted,
Flash made of China: ~~pantaloons~~ fir ranged in
the plan, & ranged with its gold Circle,
they had the Nobility & the magnificence of what has
been Carried up by an Eye & Elated &
Just Lifted for a purpose. The moment
was Enough; was Everlasting.

NYPL

III

Jan March 1930

Hampton Court, said Bernard. The ~~word after word~~ ~~way~~ tone of my voice as I say Hampton Court proves that I am middle aged. Ten years ago I should have said Hampton Court with a clamour, interrogation. ~~What will happen?~~ ~~How will the~~ ~~what will it look like~~? Will there be avenues? arches? a labyrinth? ~~happen to me~~?. Now - Hampton Court - Hampton Court - with great difficulty ~~many front rows~~ I have ~~like a~~ cleared a ~~space~~ in the it tolls a resonance; ~~it looks like~~ ~~it reverberates~~ in the ~~space~~ which I have now laboriously cleared - ~~in the space~~ ~~where I have~~ ~~centered~~ in the pressure of ~~active life~~ of other affairs. ~~The word is stained coloured~~. I the stroke of the ~~first~~ the waves, they give off ring after ring of ~~old~~ ~~faraway~~ words; ~~new after new~~ ~~words~~ from ~~I see~~ - lakes, trees, flowers, mazes, old ladies - spread in the ~~depths of my~~ pool of my mind; ~~beneath them~~, ~~one on top of another~~. They float when a duck walks ~~made~~ on the brew of ~~so~~ many mixed heart emotions; ~~to P.~~ There is Susan, there is Louis, there is Jinny, there is Rhoda, there is Neville. Now, when I join them, where they ~~stand on the~~ ~~are~~ standing, looking about them as if waiting for something to begin, a ~~group~~: another arrangement of the well ~~arranged~~ form: we shall make a comment; ~~I shall be like~~ ~~I must try to see~~ a statement, something will be uttered, ~~I must try to see~~ ~~for the next~~ part, run to waste; in the way of life. Now all new middle ~~of~~ aged. ~~And~~ already, at 50 yards distant, I feel the order of ideas being re-arranged by the tug of the magnet of

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[illegible] words. I watch approach. I feel with my step
things in me reduce into a shallow; ~~but~~ & forsaking
& still Hamlet Court is at the bottom yet; this mixed
city with old emotions; thoughts this, going to be – as my
agitation, heart flutterment, heart apprehension. tell me, how;
but I am glad to say that now that I am within
sight that, pleasure, on the whole prevails. I love
Cities yet. I become a little bone lobby in the
~~Tottenham~~ ~~& enjoy~~ the waves. ~~a separation~~.

~~And~~ One first emotion, said Neville, when the table had
been ~~drawn up~~ spread with two or three cloths, is one ~~of~~
~~words~~ resembling hatred. (In our generation we seldom
use words in their complete integrity) he took
anxiously to see what the others have made of life.
The lilies have been posted in the door. I say, have you
seen ~~a~~ ~~Gog~~ ~~you~~ Have you seen Lord Rosebery or
Lord Rosebery? Are you changed? And instead of being
~~Consumed~~ glad to see my old friends again, I am
first & foremost anxious to prove to myself that I
have made a better life yet than you have. ~~Letters~~
~~what are~~ congratulations? what can I say to myself, under the
my breath, to assert my private reason for
existence ~~reasons why~~ prove that I have ~~passed~~ failed the
examination? ~~How say that I am famous~~ (dont)
Carry in my pocket six letters hurriedly pencilled in the
train asking for autographs on phrases or poems or –
I dont know what. ~~And~~ There will be six more on
the table when I come home. There will be –
Does this impress you Susan? – I am now
simply trying to vanquish your indifference – your eye
Just & Cornelia's temper – large square
envelopes with ~~engraving~~ ashing me to meet
Royal Highnesses & ragging in the ~~old~~ hall Comer
that decorations will be worn.

near drawn
up to their
knees,

instead of being
glad to look
heavily

first &
foremost

I hurriedly
search to
find my
the Credentials.
in Evening

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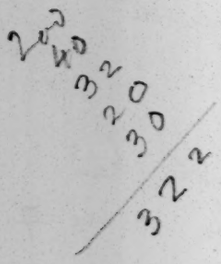

"Dreadnaught will be worn" stays in the left hand corner.
That does not impress me? Nor me either. It is
like the sound of clapping that one hears as one is
the door of a theatre thinking of something else.
And no. Kinder perhaps. My name becomes like a main
Clapping, in a vast field, perhaps to drive away rooks.
~~That is the~~ ~~But this clapping seems~~ As, it has not even
that useful purpose. It dies out; & one hears the
wind sweeping over the ploughed land, or a lark.
Can make me seem ~~bare~~, naked, ~~broadened;~~ &
in their pockets. What ~~are~~ then are my credentials,
~~Entrance. That is how~~ How can I ~~advance against~~
~~the door ready eye of a woman~~ peep down the
barrel, but even of profile. ~~Couples pass indifference,~~
& make ~~it~~ ~~from the~~ ~~you fail~~ ~~this~~ that is the object that was
all ~~how~~ in view - ~~engineered by my influence reliability?~~
~~who~~ my life? I don't put my hand into my
pocket this time. I wait, rather timidly, with ~~a~~
~~apprehension~~. ~~because what I feel is to me very~~
~~important~~, ~~their~~ eyes, watching the strange
emotion rise in me which I call intimacy; ~~to that~~
~~when it has risen high~~ ~~I is to me the maximum in my~~
when it has risen a little further I shall try &
become less disturbing; ~~it~~ less clouded ~~or~~ less a part of
~~incontrollable~~ I shall name for your benefit;
~~Their~~ intimacy.
When I have done breakfast somebody knocks
at the door. And the carpet changes. And the thread
~~that~~ runs up the curtain ~~cords~~ binds a fruit &
~~How can I describe the~~ ~~them all.~~ Everything is ~~strong~~ ~~tightly~~ ~~attached in~~
~~Colour.~~ ~~Shall be sit on a on?~~
is like fruit hanging on a tree - so that you can
touch it. The. The thin, skimmed air.

Look at that
waiter. Has
he heard of
me? No.

Those soldiers,
marching to the
barracks. No

That
note
between,
but
not
sparkling
or
cruel or
brilliant,

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belongs 10/1. ~~And the scragginess of~~ unbecome — it ~~becomes it~~: for at that hour, you admit, I can see how ~~ugly~~ your husband looks, & how utterly you have to live to him. And unreal & Coleridgian your breakfast is, in ~~the~~ you have simply to go & order dinner to look at the bottle of meat ~~in the larder~~ under blueish wire shades — in the larder. The scragginess & rawness of your relationship repels me. Mine, at that hour, even, when the door opens between very & tender, for ~~ever~~ always now. We have no repetition. ~~Our marks~~ As we touch it ~~our~~ The It is very precarious: ~~the~~ weather, ~~as we watch the light on a~~ ~~If the light dulls~~ or the skin wrinkles, we throw the ~~day~~ It is always moving. The whole day is ~~spent watching~~, in a ~~long embrace which is~~ tenuous, serpentine convolutions. Before we read Plato - before we read the Times. Before we argue about ~~the~~ Time, or about numbers; or merely regret what butter was in water. Before it happens to be winter. ~~Death~~ The thaw is ~~fatty~~ fatty. ~~t~~ Roads down the roof. Fatty fatty. A dealer in cats together in a cart, ~~lit, warm~~, bright with fur. The huge bowls ~~together~~ we stand a tin bath & all the basins dotted about on the floor. I went when another butt of water comes — ~~the~~ Those are the ~~Great~~ occasions ~~when you who~~ in confusion, & occasions beautiful in some fantastic way. when you write your necessary practically men. Before it's summer. We might go & see the hole horses be brought out like rubber: a something bleached & remembered in the city — a Church with a fire in heat against it. ~~But look~~ Each of them eyes — I select the obvious, at random, is like an

Thus

the bottle shades

weather; big fur like adders, with smooth coats & supple muscles. but motionless. like adders motionless,

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The legends
The mantle

arabesque ~~which~~ drawn ~~as Indian ink to~~ illustrate; another
something bazardous, marvellous, in our intimacy
The new. The true hope. The holy house. The fire in the city
Square. There are ~~printed upon~~ signs printed & worn about
because we dare not cheat.
by which, looking back, I read how I loved this one, that one, that
other. & the very each was different.
~~Yes, I see, my life has been full of extraordinary~~
~~adventures with other souls.~~ Yes, which [has] like a
Meanwhile. timber to the same Nab or Peg work – ~~an~~ Wharfing pin ~~a~~
~~I hate~~ I love ~~I see~~ not that I wish to hurt you, but
because I wish to ~~purely~~ ~~morally~~ form [with] to ~~belong~~.
~~that~~ accomplished, but ~~in the~~ I have known
~~Anybody who had talent~~ me – Obviously, I am
not going to change now. Here we are all gen.
~~irretrievably committed. to the life we have chosen.~~
~~Hence of these were an unfortunate discovery, he would~~
~~he wear~~ Before, when we met in that blue & brown
flaming room, with the ~~first~~ ~~last~~ ~~this~~ ~~her~~ ~~the~~ ~~I~~ with
Percival, if you remember, all we dreamed, we
Blue feathers with the [wide] flew,
think, ~~or~~ We might have been anything. Now
we have chosen; ~~or have been chosen.~~ (Sometimes it seems
the choice was made; ~~each way confirmed~~; a hair ~~I~~
tongs ~~not on~~, here, when I am, or there lifted us) I chose
Sunchokes intimacy. I have taken the print, not here
outwards, but inwardly, upon ~~the~~ ~~red~~ ~~under~~ fabric,
the raw. The red, the unpolished. ~~The~~ ~~best~~ which is merely,
of facts, & minds, & ~~bodies~~ is ~~better~~ to
~~much better~~ ~~be~~ something ~~more complex~~. ~~Just~~ as
rubber it has much ~~a~~ colour, texture, ~~in~~ balance ~~rather~~ than
name. To you, I say merely Neville; you are the
the limits of my life, ~~that~~ its narrow radius, the
line ~~which~~, ~~in your view~~, it can not have; I, in the
contrary became I have committed myself to intimacy

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feel myself passing imperceptibly ~~into a~~ like a fibre in a ~~web~~ net, ~~of hair~~ fine as hair - so fine ~~as~~ but almost indistinguishable from what it ~~is~~ surrounds - so that it tells, whales, huge Leviathans ~~without any~~ unconsciously. ~~I seem to~~ ~~to perceive in the~~ I detect; I perceive; before me, under my eyes, as I sit over the fire, lifting my book for, lie a thread a mass of life as it is at this moment. I know ~~who loves, & why, &~~ what loves are trembling to the top; flushing with fire; how jealousy shoots, like the dart of a serpent, hither thither; how remorselessly & ceaselessly love crosses love; knits ineducable knots; complicates; & then the web tears, & is thrown again; & I entreat, & entangle; I let myself be thrown open; I flutter - I am violently torn - I do not succeed in keeping my equanimity - I have been rent asunder - but ~~& then~~, but the experience is absorbing; I would not change my life with any of ~~all the past~~ you; though there was another glory once; when one came in, you remember, unattached, & flung easily on the edge ~~of~~ a head bench.

(~~But for~~ ~~But you had no beauty.~~ said Joan.

~~And therefore~~,

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No, said Susan, thank you. Don't touch me at first. I received myself by the right hand on the table: Look at that form flesh; that white skin; ~~that beautiful~~ Neville ~~has never known~~ what can Neville know, who has no beauty? Cecily what beauty? ~~You sink into arm chair.~~ While I ~~wrote~~ needing arm chair! Your body ~~nothing but~~ pretty? Your body even though your body the ~~would always seem a little~~ even flowers, apples, a branch of grape must look, ~~remained, somehow,~~ under glass. And the ~~& then~~, when, lying back among ~~other~~ pillows & at the ~~steps of the~~ word, ~~as you do see those~~ ~~words~~ & nerves ~~Could~~ ~~word & word~~ ~~infinitely curiously~~, like ~~bells~~ & ~~what you see~~ are you see nothing but ~~people~~. You see ~~entire~~; only ~~lakes~~. filaments, veins, veins, crossing & crossing, knotting & knotting. ~~but not the whole, a~~ ~~But I say~~ but not a horse in a field; a horse. in a ~~sea~~, - a ship on the sea with the waves ~~tossing~~ ~~wind~~ it, a ~~tear of the~~ ~~people~~ line on the horizon. You see nothing You see nothing entire. You scan incessantly one fine thread, in a maze. ~~But I have~~ ~~for~~ ~~wandering~~ in, ~~and~~ lost ~~wandering~~ ~~over~~ like an old woman over her darning But I have seen life in blocks, substantial, huge. ~~I have Known~~ A town: a ~~house~~, a village; childhood; another word: ~~better land~~. ~~I am one of those who~~ ~~love~~ I have lost much. When ~~every~~ corner, a ~~the~~ light ~~of the~~ lamps on the lane makes me think of ~~a~~ ~~the~~ Here ~~this~~ ~~remain~~ square, ~~church~~, ~~pronounce~~, ~~underlined~~ in my mind, ~~a sp~~ I am not ~~innocent~~ & mean - But among you incomprehensible

~~It~~ ~~Grad~~ ~~dahlias~~ ~~on~~ healthy ~~lobes~~

~~may~~ by ~~pulses~~ ~~my~~ ~~body~~ only, ~~a~~ ~~it~~ ~~through~~ ~~a~~ colour. I can ~~go~~ ~~where~~ ~~you~~ can never come

Sank

with ~~red~~ ~~rimmed~~ eyes

NYPL

Yes ~~notice about~~ but that my eyes make your
~~to~~ make you think I shiver - I hate, for I wish to
triumph over you ~~to the~~ in order to increase my own
vitality - to ~~to~~ shading your ~~with~~ when wishing
badness; ~~making~~ spending all the silver, amber play
this flattery. This ~~reply~~ by the ~~flood~~ of ~~green light~~
~~pure. pencil~~ light, that pours like a mountain torrent
straight out, drowning you, I hope, ~~mak~~ making you
~~flowers of the wood~~ ~~run~~ your colours;
In short old middle aged people hate each other, said
Louis.
in the sunlaa said Rhoda. ~~Hatred~~ Our hatred is
like the thin skin that ~~made~~ I think a ~~dance~~ kind of
legs entwined, which bind a whole mass of things together.
miscellany of various ~~colours~~ ~~interlaces~~ together. ~~It~~
One flash of the knife cuts it: we are torn
through our hatred, our envy, our ~~od~~ jealous
stealing of credentials. We ~~have come together~~,
~~Only odd, we are one more~~ ~~made one, but as if~~
~~We are dreams~~ are now composing something
at this long table, while the waiters bring us fish &
bread, & ~~to it~~. Hand to ~~mo~~ accurately down the
table - we compose something ~~other~~, as one has seen
make something; a poem; a sonnet; such
something which, ~~but~~ will never be again. In
~~remember~~ ~~that~~ last moments, in the London, in this
restaurant? ~~That has faced back to~~ when
London new, since death was in it, ~~Hogarth~~ ~~away~~
& London more real to us now ~~than it was~~ at the time.

under a tyrant or
monster tennis
down him,
as my

a me idly
watch
shadows
people
shadows

tremendous
reality

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Comes

Comes together, a Babel of miscellany;
Confusion only; making by the addition
of numbers; fortune, fame, to fortune. by the addition
of Thee & Thee; Jinny's laugh; the heat of Susan's
hand; Bernard's rumpled hair. Like little tunes,
baby heard, begun, & stopped, & begun again & &
gradually make baby head, among interruptions,
gradually form the other tunes. father impatient. Jinny
they break into their old channels; & we hear this
& the whole volume now there is made
& form together. We feel ourselves lose our sharpness
We make something different.
very room. We feel our boots Coming up from the
When we were as distant; deepened, resigned, with
softer sharpened. We Never a great effort to come,
because it needed
to come, a single hour, all alone table, meant that
the deep ghastly life, which we lead by instant, among
things that are so familiar that they cast no light
upon us, daily the hope of action, is cut
short. we are doing our daily work, was cut short
How we are cooked ended.

Twenty telephone calls; as many postcards.
They all were necessary before I could make a
in order to clear a extra little hole in what time
which I might come to Hampton Court, said Bernard.
We are made aged. The pressure of life is
Thus
Remendous. The urn. The habitual, by kind of
Hearing fact How so fast that from January to-
Hampton Court
Welcome that to we have to leap like fish in
ayis may fly in order to break the current.
any engagement book. Then as the while Years
are already is slackened with age, and any

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And how was
high

~~real break in a Neville said, unfortunate. We~~
~~[illegible]~~ leap, but we fell back into the stream. ~~Those that~~
~~voyage to the South Sea Islands on which was founded~~
I shall never take ship for the South Sea Islands. I am
married: I have sons & daughters. I securely kept in place by
the stream of circumstance I ~~to mind~~ I am a man
I am wedged into my place by circumstance.
Yet my mind ~~is as~~ adventurous as ever. Now that the
fortunes of my body in this world are retrieved. (I am
married: I have sons, daughters) ~~there is~~ I can
think more wisely, more narrowly, more imaginatively
than I could, when I was a very young man, with ~~whose~~ who, in
~~[illegible]~~ days ~~[illegible]~~ frequently ~~[illegible]~~ my self
~~[illegible]~~ deeply ~~[illegible]~~ I discover my nature as a
child ~~in a brain fit~~. like a child rummaging a
brain fit. But alas, my discretion to make
phrases has I fear ~~[illegible]~~ warned ~~[illegible]~~ to you go
has left me with very little that is positive. I have not
~~[illegible]~~ any great subject. I can not nariate—
Yes: I can not tell you how fortunes are made. I
am not an authority upon the Trade; law, ~~theology~~, or
medicine. ~~And because of that various allay~~
And as I can never be alone, as I am, my
phrases, ~~have a pause that~~ written down, have
~~that~~ nebulosity which, ~~to~~ forebodes decay,
broken, their nebulosity has an extraordinary charm; as
I know, because such as you feel. while I sit Yeats,
Bernard alone understands me. There is something
of mystery in what he says. ~~I am not conscious of that~~
~~I am~~ ~~[illegible]~~ surrounded
loneliness is changed. ~~But~~ And the reality of this
melancholy. And then— I lend my ear thinking of
death. I, who have gone home to home,
like one of those travelling ~~[illegible]~~ friars of the middle ages,

to lay on
the table.

as in solitude
I watch
pink
blue wet
straw,
a phosphorous,

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who cozened the wives & girls with his string of beads & his
ballads – I am a traveller, a pedlar, I pass in my
lodging with my pony – an individual just – who
putting up in the first town, in a low pub. They lay it
the pan in a hayloft, really I don't mind the
fleas & I don't mind the [illegible] am not particular with whom I eat
am very tolerant – I cannot adopt the attitude of
those who rule lives – I am not a moralist – I have too
great a sense of the shortness of life & of the marvels it
contains – yet I am not an individualist as you
would think rather – I have my contempt, hidden –
my disgust – I have seen in my days many people die
I have seen old men of course, by the dozen; and they have a
sense of the shortness of life, & its pitch, ridiculous,
inspectives. I do not make rule – I shut very little.
I am not really one of the clung to life.
I am very haphazard. My philosophy never has
chance to harden. Louis has come to conclusions

the
dregs of
contempt
I have
hidden up
my
sleeve.

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my life has been terribly serious. because ~~what with~~ my Australian accent; because, when Jenny kissed me, in a garden, ~~man~~ she broke the thread ~~which held~~ which we must fail I have to thus again. ~~I have a tense of the past.~~ this moment with its wine, with its ~~shaking~~ leaves, with its ~~general stir of people~~ lifting voices going to bed in ~~what~~ planned towers & bare feet, ~~to eat toast~~, is for me ~~lurid~~ tinted with the shadows ~~of the Inquisition~~ of dungeons, & tortures, & infamies practised by man upon man. So weak are ~~the~~ my nerves ~~in my face~~ that they never blot out, with ~~more~~ rose or ~~deep~~ violet, ~~what my reason~~ the terrible ~~Certainty~~ Chance that ~~struck~~ through my reason ~~cuts off~~ (~~Nature~~ ~~brings~~ adds up) like ~~some mechanical~~ mechanical (Nature against life. Where is ~~there~~ any order? ~~in all this~~ Where is ~~there~~ any explanation? How can I prove these ~~in Confusion, the~~ ideals, incongruous, contradictory ~~phalanxes, not to see the~~ appearances - gulls, fat women, city churches, & the steam of beef & green - into one smooth line, & ~~one profound~~ ~~is~~ of clear meaning? I cannot do it. ~~But I cannot rest from the~~ give up the attempt.

~~Further~~ I have achieved a desk of solid mahogany in a room hung with maps. Here the direction rest on alternate mornings, & on ~~these~~ occasions a tray with glasses is stood on the sideboard. Our steamers move ~~lines~~ from continent to continent. . . . ~~Considering the extraordinary~~ a Chinaman with whom I ~~performed~~ ~~they~~ have ~~had breakfast~~, & have won an enviable reputation for the comfort & their ~~refreshment~~ (Canadian baths ~~& they are warm, not cold water~~) & their (comparative) freedom from ~~disease~~. ~~These~~ these quite simple unpredictable accidents which are the act of God. I wear a white

years ago
to when I to
when

because it is
exactly how
of that
down
changes

NYPL

wastebasket now. I should by rights am a by loan balance
I am I can assure you a man of substance.
This is my arch & ironical manner; by which I hope to
distract you from the treachery to the thieving,
unhappy soul – the small the tender the intensely
young & unprotected soul – for I am always the youngest
person at any gathering, the most naïvely surprised – the
earnest pleased – the first to see who runs before
Everybody in apprehension of fear. hope, sympathy
for the least discomfort a red-cube – as for example a
insect on the nose, with a button bindone – & yet I am also
formidable, bony, harsh & sardonic; a
severe judge: I assa There are few people I wholly
respect; & do not see how any one can
portend that it is fortunate to have lived. This a
burden laid on us. Your letter & ciliments, your
Childish transports when the kettle boils or
some pleasing arrangement of colour – like
Jerseys yellow-spotted scarf – meets your eye
seem to me surreal, ephemeral; Ces Nay,
I do not like these gatherings. Yet than
scarcely could make my lonely years any groups, any
Company, assay that is less tedious. My heaviest
hours are spent with some crabbed book; a small
pot of flowers; a Cat whose coat I comb; &
the most splendid view of chimney pots. For I
live very lowdely, so that I cannot invite a
Lady to tea, high up in a lodging house. The
Reek of smoke are caught in the roof. I watch the
Cats stretch & escape them – many tales upon old
Flushed Chimneys that were pretty when Charles
Lamb was young; & I hear the clangour

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of the church where Donne preached. I return to Beauty.
Must am ravished with a sense of human suffering
inscrutably

~~my yellow Hair~~, said Jenny,
I love my yellow Hair, said Jenny. ~~How lovely~~?
~~Love the golden texture~~; ~~it~~ ~~like a moth's wing~~,
~~soothing~~, ~~& it~~ ~~the soft~~ ~~Hooded with soft~~ Nests of
~~wine-colours~~ as with its wine-coloured Nests, ~~& a~~
~~golden~~ in that it might be caught like a web in a
Flower. ~~It soothes upon my~~ I love beauty
when it has ~~not the touch~~ that has been
~~turned into~~ ~~too become when~~ that I do not like
~~the~~ high, Disembodied, beauty, ~~Love~~, the
of your most lofty, Lovers, whom ~~the Gods~~, Gods are
afraid, ~~being the most feared of people of any thing entire~~.
Gods I like ~~the body best~~. Many when that turned to
flesh; ~~like the~~ palpable: what one touches with
now; ~~one tongue~~: what a one tastes. And, being unafraid,
rash, more Courageous than you are, I am
~~to~~ not always ~~active to~~ ~~contained to make my~~
~~pleasing~~ tempering my beauty with meanness;
gulp it down entire. ~~I believe in it wholly~~,
~~in one lump~~. I admit that this very ~~one made~~ natural: made of
flesh, or flesh: ~~not weak~~, not ideas.

~~But~~ ~~Then~~ ~~I have not~~
But ~~before I was a~~ So you see, people — oh yes,
~~such~~ people, different people: people fancy Fanton;
to telling me the story of their lives: much ~~one reported~~
Confidences (while looking at horses, or fingering ~~your~~
Pearl ~~ear~~ beads on Green horses) — there
~~separate my lobe~~; ~~make it very difficult to~~
~~to~~ come here ~~they~~ attend me in like a (repeat):
~~we are reading~~: the band plays. the ~~coloured~~ stream.

here we end

I am attended by

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with drums beating, colours flying. Rather a rapscallion crew, to be sure — ~~they are not~~ they mother must have followed the flag; my father the sea. I am like a little dog that trots down the street after the band. ~~And I admit that no adventure has~~ Good my curiosity is unpalatable — like the dog, mastering at chair legs, pacing ~~mesmerised~~ entranced over a brown stain, or ~~a~~ at cancers ~~was~~ entrancing which ~~grease~~ meat from a butcher's shop. And my trollicks have led me into unimaginable places — lofty ~~dusty~~ bedrooms — marble halls. For I am an indispensable at entertainments on dog Toby in French & Italy. And then I with it all, what talents ~~themselves~~ these my body has taught me, ~~I~~ reckoning across crowded rooms, ~~to dance~~ ~~dark~~ ~~it~~ detaching some single figure from the crowd, who beckons, waves. & then follows me, ~~as~~ ~~into~~ the ~~the~~ darkness. ~~How~~ ~~Ask~~ The terrors, dangers ~~I've~~ have ~~I~~ ~~have~~ been ~~these~~ ~~these~~ These ~~have~~ breath to of ~~I~~ have been solved ~~these~~ ~~these~~ These ~~have~~ been trinity, completeness; ~~that~~ as indwelling as the water in blood.

NYPL

~~And learning~~ ~~The incarnation of the body~~
seen with the bodies imagination ~~the world wears a beautiful~~
of the body the world is seen with the imagination
of the body, — My body ~~knitting in these~~ wearing
I have spent years in front of looking glasses — as
honourably as you have spent years over desks,
making the word let the thought or the ~~this~~
~~and Cambridge~~ lectures of the ships architect themselves to
the needs of steerage class passengers. ~~I am~~
~~to see~~ So I write. below the looking glass,
what is better, which, or what theme or dialogue, what
loop or ~~length~~ straight ~~line~~ will ~~express~~ be to my
body what the word is to the idea, ~~or the a flame~~,
making thought visible. And the idea changes.
~~It depends on rooms, a people. I may dress myself to~~
It may be daring, it may be rigid. I may be
angular as an icicle in silver, or voluptuous as a
wavery candle flame. And as I say the
imagination of the body creates relationships
that are more violent, more abrupt than any of you.
I have gone from the extremes of coldness to ~~heat~~ more in a
three rooms, ~~the~~ ~~whole~~ chest frost, ~~standing~~ in the corner,
~~furnace a few ashes left~~. to heat where I
violet; smoke, flame have wrapped me with love; in a
heap of ashes has been left. of a lover
Conflagration (~~to~~ ~~me~~ Merely raised our voices
above a murmur as we powered out tea the fears
secrets in our hearts, so that nobody might wake in
the sleepy house — I heard the clock on the
over on Wright the ticking of the clock was a
(worthless) ~~that~~ ~~cats~~ we have work to attain, the
flesh consumed. completely, & without the
discomfort of a night any such clinging of ambient bones
disappearance like a pair of underwear I have behind the

Editing on the heartsong

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I am not afraid of you any longer, said Rhoda. ~~thanks~~ I
~~always~~ thanks, I have trained myself to walk straight up to you,
~~instead~~ instead of making a detour, hiding
as long as I can behind pillar boxes, lamposts or trees.
At the same time, I have never ~~got rid~~ – as Bernard has
~~you had since his birth~~ – to your astonishing behaviour.
You may laugh my brocket, I never find an engagement
book, like Bernard, with dinner & lunch 1.30.
I do not believe in ~~fairy~~ ~~the astonishing garage maid~~
~~You, who are like a friend, should be~~ to be engagement: to
childbirth. Shutting others always come before my eyes; a moon & a grove has
~~No~~ only that I have ~~ruined~~ my body. Yet, I am to be honest,
taught to do these tricks. ~~But~~ But inwardly I am still ~~the~~
~~I am afraid~~, perplexed when I see you,
because you believe in something – ~~Rhoda had~~
you can ~~believe that she might~~ have children;
Louis is a remarkably ~~commonplace~~ visionary man;
Bernard has ~~a pocket~~ my life an engagement book full of
dinners & luncheons; & you. ~~But~~ But you should
~~Come not provoke~~ I such a conception of life fills me
with a certain kind of admiration. At the same time, I
~~know~~ detail, ~~but~~ you should find it very
very difficult to come here. Fear became of your
engagements. You ~~believe in~~ feel here & now.
~~do~~ not want here & now. I do not see this actual
table, & chat in Hatton. But a wave breaking upon the
limits of the world – ~~a family~~ friend. I ~~hear~~ which you
~~can~~ I do not ~~hear the~~ ~~hammers~~ ~~thumping~~. I hear
a thud like ~~something~~ falling, behind your voice.
~~And then~~ you do not ~~talk~~. Then you do not make this
personal relationship with Neville and so unfashionably.

I still fight grease

it may of course be the reflection

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Yours Unceds from one to another & nothing parts us but two silk
balls ~~of~~ thread. ~~You do~~ I see none of that. I see by
~~you or marks, as hands but into as outlines~~
a Clock's pendule now, without protuberance or
colour or eye or eyelashes growled together, against the
vast beach, the ~~sea~~ dull thud that is sometimes louder
sometimes lower, but unless leaving. Fishermen
on the verge ~~of~~ the wind are drawing in their nets
Carting them, as we sit here at ~~the~~ table. The
fierce hot wind ~~is~~ rustles ~~in~~ the parched lop meat leaves of
~~Oriental~~ Salem bush. This is an ~~Oriental~~
Circumstance ~~about~~ I sketch ~~the~~ the ~~the~~ my mind to
that I might enclose or record here.

And so I have lived almost entirely in visions;
only picking up from life ~~this~~ what ~~I~~ need that
is enough to ~~to~~ spread ~~a~~ this world ~~like~~ new. That is
what I look at when I am away ~~from~~ you. I wish to
sketch my mind under ~~under~~ you are always
~~plucking~~ at me, unto your children ~~a~~ your lovers a poem
~~Children~~, in whatever shape you do ~~it~~ ~~with~~ I wish to pass on
my attention. And therefore I hate these
meetings ~~of~~ ~~lovers~~, I loathe even the touch of
your hands: And yet on you are the cleavers
of these precious deeds I have to accept your inventions to
live at Hampden looks in and that night I may
lie awake & look at ~~something~~ something ~~and~~ ~~eyes~~ ~~which~~ ~~over~~
meeting has ~~suffered~~ ~~two~~ ~~like~~ a glove in a
Greek island, or ~~a~~ like palm fell: or the sea
Large & awful prospect ~~that~~ ~~is~~ ~~the~~ ~~the~~ Though this
almost entirely ~~of~~ human beings ~~is~~ nevertheless
our representative ~~of~~ ~~the~~ otherwise, ~~the~~ there
misery your life, its ~~fundamental~~ ~~of~~ unsignificance, ~~is~~
unendurable.

But alas, ~~all~~ I am not ~~of~~ strong enough to
live without you. I hate this body: I hate these

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~~affections~~, I must undergo the humanity of being confined to this particular spot a moment. I have to take us against fate. And for now being allowed to dwell in order & wonderings of understanding that shall at last open - to my dreams so far, I embrace so much, that they surely encompass the whole world, I must contract, & go through all the suffering of the underworld. I must buy my clothes. I must be in for dinner. I must answer the telephone. I must & must go after accepting for years offers of kindness - help. The train gate those attachments, the pressure of all those hands, the steps & the & the hustling & the calling hither & thither. I shall fall, push ahead, through this crust on which we now stand for a moment, down down into the gulf of fire. I shall be up burnt up, alone, without any of you helping me. When the fire gets hot, you will withdraw. And yet, at last there are moments when it seems as if the fury might be averted; when, ~~the bubble~~ as ~~blown we want~~, that our companionship seems to blow we want a bubble that it leaves nothing outside of it; & the whole being then, ~~comprehending the heights~~, no longer isolating, unabsorbed. I could fancy something that our love might be blown off this moment & we to rise & rise higher & higher, & away, & ~~away to be~~. I could fancy that we shall love here & now.

Look, we have arranged an asylum for the moment, and beyond

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~~But~~ The effect of food, the effect of wine, has ~~been~~ been
yet to be observed and Remad; — ~~for it is obviously~~
There can be no doubt that ~~the~~ the arrangement
which we ate just now, so that we are content to
remain a brood in, were ~~that~~ for my hopeacity,
to ~~be~~ silent, ~~is~~ due to ~~the~~ ~~effect~~ presence of
~~What we~~ ~~the last that we had~~ food & drink; &
~~That~~ sharp tooth of egotism is ~~now blunted~~ dulled.
~~Life spreads~~ Anxiety is ~~subdued~~ lost at last. We
are receptive & not aggressive. We are ready to
consider any suggestion. impartially - often ~~long~~ to consider
Unfavourable
~~also~~, said Neville, ~~begins to~~ ~~dangers~~ obtrudes itself
Then, then - that but -
said Neville - ~~We see the~~ The scene ~~becomes~~
would be spread before us; ~~&~~ the wedding & the
funeral ~~can~~ become a symbolical figure of love.
We no longer frown with concentration. We raise our
Eyes, said Jinny.
And ~~then~~ directly we cease to contract our ~~individuality~~ brows
we become aware - but ~~then~~ a almost mystical -
~~of distant love~~ and dawn - ~~of~~ a form, I do
not know what - flowing in & expanding our souls
& making them ~~vast~~ ~~large~~ luminous serene
And dawn, said Rhoda, thanking to him in parentheses,
~~for we do~~ that the Waits does not last long.
~~for we do~~ that the others ~~walk down~~ began to
Much ~~then~~ Napkins by the ~~sea~~ sea & then Waiter;
Neville ~~will~~ ~~watch~~ as ~~some~~ one ~~of those~~ people with
~~Passively~~ ~~Some~~ ~~food~~ & wine, having
~~Rubs~~ Rolled the back of Egotism (& we no longer wish to hunt
Such ~~then~~) ~~then~~ ~~is back~~ ~~down~~ as but they also
accentuate in the others that general

The lie the landscape, so empty,

Jane he long to make another: a lake, green, ~~sand~~ sand, marks of ~~ash~~ ~~for~~ sea

~~Lake~~
Where I say lake like; Jane he longs ~~for~~ to finish her ~~Metaphor~~

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Yes. they are going to Mumbles. I am bound to pass bound an adventure. My Something new lies before us. What? where are I going? I am beautiful says Jenny. & I say All their beauty then currently there resistless sense when one Capacity to & the chance one more one men before they die to submit to the proof. I so feel one mine fer tongue, the I am sorry I am the particular Neville en- Jessan am closing my hand upon the particular last- Jenny with a Bernard has beckoned to the waiter Stars & is looking very seriously at the face & new, like an artist making some very difficult decision, but he bowed & left two to the side of the room - her cheek like, as a matter of last want only one dab at the red stick — And Jessan, who feels shy at these preparations, because she is making ready for something quite different — some marble cubes almost silent scene - in darkness - does fer fastens the top button of her coat, which she will & then unfastens it.

Now they get up: they move: They are going to walk in the Park, by gardens, by the side of the Lake, said Louis. And we shall follow, Rhoda, indeed for a time we shall walk with them. Only now we shall be discarded - as we both know - in favour of more congenial companions.

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to observe to exchange comments, ~~in our~~ ~~some~~ flattering
~~others~~ not. & because the others will take more congenial
Companions.

We shall walk six abreast as far as that gate, said
Rhoda. ~~And as~~ engaging & there come over me. that moment,
here as we walk, one & those carriages still moved,
when, walking upright in my own self, I get seem to advance
down this avenue, ~~but~~ ~~in a~~ many minded, many
eyed, without division especially me ~~pass the~~ ~~We shall for the~~
moment I ~~enjoy perfect what pass~~ am unbounded &
unlimited ~~a thing~~ from my kind; & seeing as
that I merge in you, & ~~as~~ ~~brothers~~ we have won that
victory ~~&~~ & have triumphed over these ~~our~~ ~~—~~ a
~~blaze of~~ ~~shadowing~~ ~~antlers~~ & flowers, ~~let us~~, as
so that ~~is a~~ ~~—~~ ~~a always step~~ feel the ~~at~~ a
triumphal a one thing comes in & and then going out
freely; ~~the~~ a triumph; indeed, ~~if the moment lasted~~, now
one ~~night~~ ~~forged~~ day, that the iron doors have rolled
apart; ~~the~~ fangs ~~of~~ have ceased their devourings;
'There is no death, one might have walking six abreast, &
enjoying this momentary, ~~endless~~ ~~for ever why not~~
life but it ~~is~~ has given us ~~a~~ moment, ~~that~~ that is eternity;
~~this eternal~~ ~~this eternal~~, then, this
~~this eternal serenity~~ Eternal serenity.
But at the gate of course,
what ~~is~~ predeat happens.

I see Jinny & with Bernard: Neville with Jinny
and Louis: And the fadeur of the old Palace,
Louis. I suppose, to ring with birds songs: (the
Nightingale, the ~~wren~~ owl,) the larks. ~~&~~ all those the
other birds which from time immemorial have
flooded songs when dawn, who has always loved
Bernard, says to him; ~~—————— that~~

modulations

NYPL

In a Regency one by

My friend like de. & Neville who who has had some bitter
Brief moments of Effusive happiness ~~together~~ take Jenny
hand with the cherry coloured nails, ~~that they~~
because they both love love; &

~~They have a~~ Their movements become stealthy &
~~got down to~~ nocturnal. They seem to assume
certain privileges; to beg you that we shall observe
the conventions, & — we who can never horribly
think though fancy loves; but must always see them
think) they ~~walk~~ go further & further, thinking
fearlessly though the ferns. They will ~~quite~~ quite
and we, followers fal, they cannot help it. What deserting us.
with the real cutlets & the asparagus they are
~~They must be~~, under the compulsion to break off &
be alone together.

~~And~~ But they ~~make the garden full of fancy for us.~~
accidentally send us back a message: the intermittent
cry of the steamer: the flash & light on the electric rails: the
extremely intensely green boughs & bendys of the trees, as
Given us by them: Rhoda. Down there ~~are hidden~~
they are taking each other's hands.

found together together

And many clerks & many waitresses, are also sending us
a message:

Women, Flesh &c. Many well-love coarse fashion (of
that we can)

Buried in the ferns, crushed under ~~their~~ their
Or walking up & down, under the plane trees which
Crowd on the sea shore, near Athens. — They have also
gone off together, And ~~at~~ moments, whether sin this
they send us back a message.

It becomes suddenly audible. The screech of some
train: the flare over London: there then from

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were something creating dry pavements like the dream cars in a fantasy Celty; something heard as when the Turks are clear a ill temptured & go & beat their drums at night. & Then there is silence; & then that bird, ~~instantly distinguishable, nothing other things,~~ here at Hampstead heath; ~~& that lovely stream, which has come from~~ at last we see a bird hopping among the twigs; & an old woman, with a camp stool, hobbling back to bed with a water colour; & a man [illegible], & a newspaper boy with his bag; & with wild eyes, ~~has doubt nothing they something;~~ & a very ~~thick~~ beard, beneath the parachute, the sun Thames blows, somebody is getting up & out on [illegible] Then it is here & now, & just also this Hampstead Jew & heretic & Jean & Bernard, this is something very unusual, just starting, like nocturnal animals, are hushed, drifting, with slow steps; & ~~making~~ ~~coming~~ out & now & then a cry of pain, a woman, voice singing quite comfortably, Most how strong is Greek. & the English words be, how the hue even this purely beautiful & about true heart, about tears, about death, about the silence of the dawn. & now the sun has come in, about the ~~sun~~ window shining ~~pale~~ Cornelia, about Jews early down by Thames, about a voice very often clear & the broken farmers boy whistling, & about a train & a rat; & also death too. & how even the sun comes.

NYPL

Under Rhodes. We have had to gather together a message
make sense of scattered words.

The night They has disappeared now
the trees. A weight has descended into the night.
The shadows are Every tree has some strange shadow behind it.
which is not the shadow of the tree behind it. And,
while they murmur, the lights flare over London & the
trams screech. And We hear a drumming like
the drumming on the walls of a besieged city when the
Turks are very hungry & uncertain tempered.
We hear them crying with sharp highpitched tones Ohen Ohen: &
(when the trams screeching) & look at the blackness on
the electric rails) And we hear the green beech trees, or
beech trees, we name their grey leaves, like the air of this
book (a warden, a typist as far as by the lower middle class
lie under them) wear let her silken robes fall on the
floor, under the beech light, under Candle light. by the windows,
(That ugly word) or it may be those Robes that Socrates touched
under a plane tree near Athens, — the word has
comes down the ages, & the cry Ohen ohen,
& this sense of doom they gathering
prove the dry throw of doom flowering down the ages, & the murmur in the shadows
& the ~~ancient~~ near Medieval Knight, bird helps from trees & they
But here in this garden at the moment look a ready man is
leaning over the barricket, & as we feel we turn an old woman
hobbles along with the pain a basket under her arm. And a
boat passes with a gramophone in the bow.
for we must connect we must understand — we cannot
rather as a picture a figure a moment of this
astonishing message to speak us.

It would seem then that

NYPL

There is that queer ~~ghostly~~ silver flame, among the trees, when it seems that
Evening opens her eyes and lifts the Lamps.
Look what dear ones they've got? ~~so we don't like them~~
their astounding performance. This is a song like another.
The table cloth ~~tonight~~ has been ~~tucked away~~, (That rather coarse
yellow tea cloth). ~~It~~ has been ~~twitched~~ away.
We look down between our knees at ~~It is a year~~
When one hears the door open ~~below~~ One hears the
voices ~~upstairs~~ in a gale. ~~And tomorrow~~ we must ~~?~~ cannot
But ~~what about that~~! I listen, I ~~?~~ ~~find~~ hear
~~nowhere tonight. Everything is alive:~~ death as when tongues
all ages seem alive ~~to me~~ tonight, in the shadow of the trees,
all alive; + this room, in the night, ~~which is~~ that comes near — listen here —
softly through the branches, ~~like the passage of Armadas~~;
seem like the passage of strong birds. The

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but ah –

the tragic the tragedy

all the under world – the Gramophones, the Pianos – have been overwhelmed, crushed, & broken like pagan[illegible]
of Cassock Flats, with their & their blue, night.
waste Fleets have swept over Temple the Seas fa
of the Lake waters Temple the Seas, very
Inveterate one great Flow, of warm, a blue tide, on a
deep tide, go moving deeply, in to thunder the Unsee the Deep
this over the pre Lake; a every boy in caught in it, &
Every movement & Ray Colour, Gender heat, Heart, in &
& Flow & Lake; & a nether bath, a Fertile tide. fertile, there into fishes
And now, do ye see those people coming towards us
along the avenue – the net is raised, higher & higher, to
the top of the water, & out still more of the Ocean
hand, rose the fish who be Heads in Murder – –
The the silver bodies the Half fish. Like fishes, as they are
Drawn up out of the depths & laid on Shore.
Fishy mouths towards us, now they are laid on the shore.
Now the There is a group of people coming towards us.
Are they men or women? They might be either.
By their Their bodies are They still wear the antiperoir
draperies of the flowing tide in which they have been
immersed. with all its pilings
Now they become human beings – as they
Jean that fell, they regain their natural eyes. Now even
And is it not And are they not is now
true change to – that the Gate of Love? to something
but love; & pity, & admiration too, but also they have
they are obviously so small. And yet they come, & these
wearing on their faces like Emperors the little
wheels you & any – that is all we have to offer to
fight with – these as our representatives: And
then has happened millions of times before: who have
made for many mother years, always out of the night;
Every night for thousands of
& with this & now they

as they were the tiny figures of the flowing tide.

NYPL

years to come men & women with work down their hats.
They are talking: And now, as they come to that am there. They have lacs:
There are on foot. Jean is heroic. Bernard joins.
what an enormous Henriade now takes place - How one
recalls the particular! How one loves the necessity of
Contingencies! our hearts again into that particular Rest,
of Cockney attached to somebody & healthy,
with their power to inflict horrible wounds,
the cherry coloured heads, & their engagement books —
the mask of the heart, & catching a train made to let
teach because the children — they will contradict them better
heather sisters, Rhoda & they make their a lyst in the
pretty ones
pretty room again, they will

We have no defence against the intolerable strange things;
ourselves. what is new, loving them as we do, &
the very first words look & come make us weep, with
their to because the first words will be no.
Confusion; with the first upon "I am Jane." "I am heroic"
you must come up back to greet you. your old
fortune last pond. with the particular tune, the odd
clean from what you expect, the sea remind
miracle your own particular personality — oh — How
a thousand memories in, which we make visible — with-
Every time your hands — their with every tone your
voice making echoes in Jane — This is about to
begin again.

and we are together. again, said Neville.
This little a fabric; — our common fate: for
form, & mended.
We left you; we cannot
What are we destroying with our presence?

NYPL

entire like a globe

Only the world, said Rhoda. Before she [illegible] you give us illusion after illusion. The air which was white grey entire like a globe, where trees had sunk to the bottom, the sky [illegible], & the wind blowing, is not [illegible] illusion. There is the upheaving. The dancer, this [illegible] what do I think of you, what do you think of me, with the pricked bulbs. The kaleidoscope, & all that disparity of personal existence - which makes like such a [illegible] for ourselves - you have put us back into the world, Bernard; [illegible] by creating the illusion. We dream, we create. We unreal, intoxicate - terribly dangerous.

And yet, as a matter of fact, we are in that staid sheet [illegible] mind when the more & [illegible] of my study - 'what do I think of you - what impression am I making" has something mercenary, forced, [illegible] about it, said Bernard. We are like [illegible] - [illegible] no colour in their light; a [illegible] eyes [illegible] the colour go out of my [illegible]. My [illegible] end in [illegible] front of [illegible] us. We are almost indistinguishable from the rest. We are [illegible], [illegible], a [illegible].

Listen, one [illegible], said Jinny. As I told you, it leaves no ashes, nothing to hunt in lockets

[illegible] I am never satisfied, said Susan. But [illegible] a time when like a bird I can swallow no more: I sit [illegible]. I gape: like a young bird, yellow beaked.

And we are all [illegible] - I subpoena a [illegible] faculty, said Neville. at long distance you - from [illegible] the [illegible]: run off, like [illegible] drops of [illegible] from the big drop;

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I always feel some compunction & yet if I had stayed I should only have annoyed you with that little dark drop- that
drove to be alone with one person. Now that is over.

And now ~~we watch the lights coming~~ how fascinating
Comforting it is to watch the lights coming out in the bedroom of train
small but brightly illuminated Railway Carriages in their
or make shopkeepers on the other side of the bank.
Etc. only by being very hard working that they manage
to pay the rent. What do you think their takings have been
today! ~~They have a Family bill to~~ Just enough to
pay for insurance & School bills. What a relief
of work & comfort human nature those lights in the
bedrooms of shop keepers give one. What anxieties they
must have for their stock - suppose the potatoes are
going bad - what a And then, after all those
Saturday comes & there is just enough for a bottle of wine -
perhaps.

Perhaps they look at the giant rabbit crouched in
its hutch. They will kill it one of these days. And you.
Then that began you cut.
Hand for thousand & people. sleep is nothing but
warmth, silence, a moments forgetfulness perhaps into some
unconscious. a cabbage leaf in a corner - he may
see that; he may dream of that. More probably she a
puzzle: something you felt up. & send to a newspaper.
Mystic romance - when the curtains drawn into the
little bags. Happily that is the robin's task. he
go round the house, looking at the children & the rabbits.
& we have locked our doors & it will be nice when
the first Monday comes - rather unpleasant to
get up - ~~they~~ we have not done so badly today -
& so you see, we drop off.

The Answer

NYPL

Happily that goes on; ~~Happily there is~~ it will soon be time to catch the train. Because ~~I~~ you can over this paragraph ~~too~~ much longer, a whole series of Events will be ~~in~~ Knocking together, like trucks in a ~~Railway; the~~ siding: tomorrows ~~line of events~~ after will be disordered. Thanks ~~how~~ (only) I must wake; ~~we~~ must get up: we must wash: ~~we~~ must walk; ~~we~~ must be out of the front door by ten; at eleven I must see someone; at twelve I must ~~be~~ ~~could have~~ ~~seen~~ ~~somebody~~ else; at one I must go out; at two I must be back — and must meet — merciful, ~~what, thoughtful~~ ~~such a day~~ ~~such~~ indescribable forbidding misjoyful word ~~that~~ ~~we~~ pretend ~~I~~ ~~have~~ I find Far off but clasp ~~even~~ heart ~~there~~ ~~was~~ lying, ~~a~~ ~~the~~ ~~heart~~ down the River, ~~hear what is the~~ ~~a~~ ~~boy~~ ~~shouting~~ ~~boy~~ ~~heart~~ ~~the~~ ~~boat~~ ~~song~~ as the boasting boys: ~~they~~ used to Drive off in ~~a~~ rather work ~~their~~ ~~little~~ ~~wherry~~ Cabs on; ~~the~~ ~~boat~~ ~~race~~ all sent one way as the Rake turned the corner; & then again ~~those~~ ~~they~~ were nothing at ~~all~~ ~~corner~~ across Quadrangles; & ~~not~~ in wonder-eyes; or Jamy their absurdly sentimental songs in the summer; ~~there~~ Thames, coming back from some big low charabancs or crowded as the ~~day~~ river steamers: ~~they are~~ ~~still~~ singing songs. ~~there~~ ~~impossible not to feel~~ ~~how~~ what with the Strain of the ~~morning~~ dream & the irregular rank host- Squeak & the fast perishable Laughter of the breeze — ~~we~~ are Nothing away from Each other; ~~we are brothers~~ little bits ~~of~~ ourselves are Crumble, a sugar Crumble in hot tea; Love! Something ~~else~~ has gone: I am no longer able to think; I cannot hold myself apart; I am

heads up in confusion.

which they are ~~pouring~~ down the river, ~~chorus~~ to some ~~half~~ boys'

NYPL

& the
tired
musicke in
my thighs.

not able to distinguish ~~any~~ things very clearly; I have no
strong sense of my left: you are only the bodies
jogging beside me; ~~but~~ ~~the only~~ Darby & Joan. The soles of my
feet. I am like a log which floats smoothly over an
a waterfall. I am not a judge: I am not
to use ~~or~~ call the Right of Conscience. I am not
called upon to give an opinion. Roses & cabbages are
all the same to me. Grey forms; things one likes; &
& I do only by an automatic action, that I put my
hand in my pocket & lead a cricket. It is a
habit I've ~~the Metaphysics~~ (in case ~~it~~ ~~is~~ ~~ever~~ it) me. If the train
were to ~~turn~~ over me. I mind, I think, not whether on the
other side.

The tree now stood at random, & a scatter of
leaves fell easily to the ground. Grey rabbits
with hurried ~~confusion~~ & lightness upon the
ground, as if ~~abandoning~~ dissolution, lightly
placing themselves upon the peace that ~~was~~ where
they would await dissolution. Easily in
wider, more voluminous, wilder circles. The hawk
~~took~~ ~~towards~~ Easily soared ~~the air~~ was
broken, ~~and the~~ into an uneasy ~~pain~~, a wide-
wandering wail, ~~layers~~ layers of wails ~~moving~~ & mixing,
~~Birds~~ over the world.

~~The plain was~~ In the room there were new
a ~~doubt~~, a There was some distortion of the
patterns on the plates; ~~the~~ a blue scroll had with-
become a lake; ~~a~~ the ~~sideboard~~ bulged with
~~dark~~ brown; there was a look of There was
a little purple ~~behind~~ behind in the brown. some odd
addition from the clouds a light a brightness.
some blown added; transcend; & as of the

NYPL

hand had broken; had met some ornament, & the dark, damaged
had let run out a finite essence, a fluid. In of the
had a reasonable flame, had again wavered. the woman who
was legally the world with clear eyes, desperately,
urged in her effort to see why they had for a moment:
flared aside, & the shadow of ma fell — on the fo
waves, on the beach, on the tunnels between the
leaves; where the birds hopped from twig to twig & made; &
so that they stopped as they hammered; & the snail was
dark; the worms sucked back into the ground.
now again a shriveled twig, a dead dead branch
had. he blown from an old nest, very dry & ~~pale~~
& pale, dry & withered among the grass. Its
where the apples were rosy, damp rotted, half
mouldy also on the side side. where they had lain.
The sea Kept up. its mud; its ~~elevated~~ heat; its
grey cooled & uncooled; like a the dark bones;
no longer the plumes of men, the age fans, & fin.
& branched feathers. but the pollen; a leaves.

NYPL

Ice from the.
The wool.
The grass.
The snow
The view.
The reflection in the pool.

a grey wall seemed of bricks fell suddenly: was raised & fell again
in its stead but the old gulls, screaming; over a fish, or a
red spray of seaweed The waves rose again, & always with a
gull, a young gull, riding on or rising & flashing black in
rising the waves which rose under them, bore them on a
little way & then fell. The gulls flew round, & again
settled & were born to shore.

March 25th
The Heart
for rust-
Coloured
fleece
with-it

Once, on the top of the hill, the Watery-blanket tree
stood ~~in the~~ blended by the gale, in the midst of the
bloody ~~white blades of grass~~, spare, pallid lights
waved, ~~pale cascades~~ with lights of white grass. &
from fireworks Here was there was—came fire
slow shadows. in threads, expanding & shrinking; & so
when them The sun came round, narrow; in wedges that
made the hill was domed in flat; as if in the depths
somebody waved with a green light. Behind Hell
The air was like a sea, in which the bird cut the
feathers; down into the depths, & up into the top;
rising this way; trembling suspended; or sinking close to the
ground, as if the weight were sunk between their feathers.
No house, no cow, no domestication, around
nearby cave, a shelter, came a long the fire there were
no more tracks than comes from a bird in the grass,
a wrinkle made, thousands of years ago; a mouth
scar; a Bone perhaps the wild The ~~pool~~, in
blue water reflected ~~today~~ in its ~~dusky~~ page of
July sky reflected nothing but the brilliant blue or
were colour, pearl stained Where the vegetation had
died out, on an ash coloured slump, some bent dots, &
~~stained~~ The bird now & then for a weak pule of weather-
There was no sound of croppers no sound generally, but
only the ~~brook~~ sudden roar, & roar; then calm; & then

Tiny tufts
Highest
on them a
Yellow
& then ash
& brown
& black

& the
skin,
shaped over
the mind.

NYPL

then the dull air, in which the dragon flies, or the worm lies

the flagging the wind, & Then Vallmen dreg The
Reeds on a frozen or beached hulk lay one brave, as pitiful as
Jacob; just rain pelted, knocked, bleached till it was Winter
when the sun struck on it like a fire white as a stone.
now the rain drenched the fire in the wind whipped it:
Then it like dusky blue as iron
Thence stood with its tall flagellate each branch; then it
spat a forge red, as if struck & kindled; & at last, then in the
Summer was for a short while as green as the hundred Southern
hedge against a blue sea.

a hundred at one the Carr forms a vast plain.

however rich in grandeur

From the hole under the bitter tree a vast
Nobody
land lake rolled; & now dislodged. Far away the
remoter grass seemed almost made of blue grass;
Spanish, airy; vaporous; a haze of blue heat.
But wood, harder, under warm, blue breathed,
made the he lay poured down the slopes, &
Lay staring the weald plain; forming their
blues, then red, their ridges & black, or blue.
But there was no smoke, no piping farm; there
so distant that nothing could be seen — no roof, no
flashing window. The Earth had so engulfed
all such little intensities, such frail fellen. such
frail thick encumbrances. Here was only cloud, &
the battering of the wind, & above the
the darkly & shade of darkness, the battering
of the rain.
Wheatgrass wealth
Where ten marked the riders & distant herds,
sentinels, monument, obelisks over the
Earth. And on the hoarser there was
a hill, hyena in the mist, lying
Fearer & Killer to the mystic selves of the sun. Sky.
There must be eagles nearer, and the heard —
Seeming city pens down its ravines.
The trench Wood the on the moor. Other Barn.

NYPL

And that amiable woman, Rhoda, has gone,
unwarned with the sanctimonious Euphemism of her kind,
you will not suffer any more. Instead of ~~to-day~~ to-day in
Warm English, you are dying; ~~the~~ you will be dead tomorrow,
The draws the ~~felony~~, their fleecy curtain; ~~the~~ closing out from her
Miserable Nose ~~and~~ ~~the~~ Sticky Sweetmeat. Thinking thus
The hope that I shall suck the ~~a~~ die, without making a scene.
Loathesome human beings, how I hate you! How you
have nudged, how you have interrupted; How heaven
you have lashed in Great Fear! How degraded nothing
offends each other in the tube: My mind is filled with
room taken back, a dead attaché case and you
have dwelt so unpleasant; & you have never had the
Courage to be one thing rather than another. All
were dressed in indeterminate shades of grey, brown,
And your attempts at decoration were feeble in the
Extreme - a ~~Wasp~~ band of blue embroidery pinned to the hat,
what a description of the soul you have now developed,
In order to get through one day tolerably! What lies you
have invented a, & bowings, & smilings, & what
flueries & Servilities; & how you have changed me to
see that, ~~when~~ I wanted to be in another; how you have
an, & how, one engagement; to see you at four.
~~How~~ you have snatched from me those letters
which ~~have~~ that the brown hand travels, ~~How~~
you have mauled & crumbled, ~~made distasteful~~, & mean
into dusty bits pellets, which I have found into the
waste baskets basket dustily you were you.
~~wastes~~ it was my hope.
~~How~~ I have been tamed & made useful in order to get
through the week tolerably. My game was on no
account permit one to be a prophet. Like Moses, I
might have been a Prophet; but I declined that martyrdom here.

NYPL

rows with his australian accent teaching us the meaning of life.
Teachers & preachers have always thrust the lowest & meanest
they have taught & set up in every place. Let us
pray. Let us — pray, let us believe; that right & truth
wrong; [illegible] pray, (& come not abroad) Confound your
complacence. Bend & pour out & breathing tears
bottle into the gutter as a sign of grace. Put there
suffering. That's their theology; that's my creed,
perennial, daily humiliation & defeat.

I have sat in the truth-listening, ~~with my~~ covering my
face with my hands, listening to preachers;
instead of taking action in my rage & clairvoyance all
teachers & preachers, however hallow & standing up in
Evening Dress & saying ~~but in babitive~~ whatever right
wrong. ~~Most of my~~ And I was always
pretending — vagrant & coach, among fierce teachers. That
nothing took me by surprise. Rags, manners, what one
clad with [illegible] knife & fork. And I called [illegible]
by their nicknames —
& deceits. ~~After all~~ Such were my interchanges
war life; ~~the beginning~~ ~~to have~~ terrible ~~to be born~~:
breathe & discipline. I said, waking in the morning
& put away the bare black, which so shield up
shades after shades. Look at like thesh then. look at
like thesh that. Let there be love, let there be true hearts
(choosing always the stark hatter) , and I covered the
whole sheet with the blaze & riddle of my own mind; &
closed sheet; Recently Critics. ~~then~~ There were
boxes too, standing ready for the Carrier, when school
broke up; & I rode ~~like a shadow~~ across the pampas to
Beam & Starrogate perhaps. Scarborough harbour,
ruffled with golden flags where one girl (I forget her name)

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Vessel on the peace mente. Bitterly I read
vestments. Those tried to disguise the blue black trade -
I dropped rockets two, into the Thames at Greenwich, the
Day Perceval died, & the ships came bowling up with the
tide on a flood & the [illegible] day when
a thing my hand into the speedy wave I cried
out to them to hear me [illegible]
on the [illegible]
thunder on the waters of the tower for me today that home.
In some words very the word, where there is no repetate history
Here & there a [illegible] marble column. Pillar.
No doubt that all been a dream. Would have been
better to have dreamt [illegible]. Kept one hand in
one pocket. Nice to hear [illegible] in part
sense circle. Like those the sewer throw, walking over the
ploughed fields when the Earth is bare.

NYPL

I shall not see the bare earth any more, compact, shining, from the plough; nor the thin green blades, nor the bloom on the hedges. And there will be no more rising of the waters I heavily in the Evening: when the lilies close themselves together round, like hands wrapped, folded, & my heart has been between them, upcups, towards some hayrick, or whitey tree, with a frost ready at, on the very summit top.

Then I said to myself, Clutching this old bone - How these treated. The old clothes are said. I am I am on the turf which would soon be riddled by worm tyers; I was then pure of all Calamanda, calm white tabernacle by the door from the dust, like a bat asleep, in the

And I remembered leaning on my elbow [illegible] with flowers beside me, & I would look flowers & pass them at school, at to whom?

Ge, I said, For they would be lilies. They would be [illegible] & green leaves. [illegible] lilies [illegible]

In those days, you will understand, one had can [illegible] those branches, grey leaves: & greeny: that one had his desire, one had the Imitation; one had this belief. Ge old Jonathan in hat Charm were they wheeled along the Parade. I Was the cadet remember how the old sailor kept upon the [illegible] & I will plant it.' Perfect rogue: I will plant it— O to whom!

how I am lying among these blankets in a state which must be very nearly the last, & ate Hats - the table cloth has worn very thin; those yellow stains has worn to holes: There is only the thinnest sheet between me & the roaring [illegible] fire: those admirable, those kindly, but those people have withdrawn. They would seem like green wood, coozy, shelter; their fingers are so thick; their

NYPL

evals, trowns, whole afroons & brood whole hills with lots
of bright stones & chains would not topple & stop
them would have a great many uses for buckets.
All the buckets in the world will not contain them.
But when the wind starts to blow on the ~~sea~~ beach this
begin whose ~~I~~ suspend there will be nothing but dust.
~~I shall be confused~~ Perhaps he had some speech, to test both
(they will find nothing. I shall be
~~But I was addressing my dead~~ But now, addressing
~~buddy here on the beach~~ that curious salt & acetate
& fish & fume & indestructible element — the whole
picked the flowers & put them on my desk — the whole I
still me something — you in the advert black — the
woman with a pram; perhaps; never Carey in the
Courtfield dignity & melancholy: ~~but watching the~~
O you who have picked the flowers & put them in my hand,
come to me now; & let us together ~~confront~~ the
& let us whether we can, for once — & it will be for the
last time — cross that particular threshold
in the middle of the road where I have ~~a~~ the world,
unable to move. Indeed I was only by tugging my hand as
something held that I was able to ~~a~~ could make my body across the
room pull & pull — to ~~a~~ have ~~a foot on the~~ ~~pavement~~
drop a letter into a box. ugly hands
I can still see the bedroom door a great gate; but
I shall never ~~see~~ again. There will never be anything to touch
~~at you~~ Take my hand then & let us
on the pages
Never be a vast pool; & vast sea; we shall be like
people flying the east Atlantic; ~~over~~
which rapidly beneath us. Now even the lights in the
long boats are gone. The chalk & stone cliffs; the
Kent coast to Cuckmere Haven a light on the west side
to hold to look back on. but some day we shall ~~not~~ be
at a land; that will not happen among the trees
beaches any day — & give me the strange sea land & sky

that pitiful & ironic figure.

as wandering alone as Cain (was) as flying as the ange of Death)

NYPL

And I had no letter, no return ticket. I held nothing in my hand;
& to suppose that we shall reach some other land by either, or
touch something, & then recapture a memory, what faint is
the remembrance & ~~pretended to remember~~, ~~how dim~~
how dim & darkness away me.
How it falls in sheets of
gathering brown branches of ~~purple~~ wild flowers; ~~&~~ bulbous
red carnations. How strange to ~~lie~~, ~~me~~, with ~~the~~ their sweet
fading beneath me. hips ~~as~~ as ~~dark~~ brown. the waves today
~~last~~ ~~night~~ I ~~have~~ ~~stopped~~ ~~and~~ ~~singing~~ the ~~purple~~, ~~ash~~ over
immeasurable waves; & holding them ~~in~~ in my
fingers; ~~a not known flesh~~ & this salt water
& ~~for~~ there is nothing hard; I cannot touch anything; I cannot
recapture my body; nor push back anything that belongs to me;
& ~~for~~ ~~that~~ ~~some~~ ruffled plumage ~~purple~~) ~~all falls in~~
Remembrances thrown & ~~flapping~~ ~~torn~~ down, down, - all that day.

(why that woman has a good face, like a white horse)
And there may be no land.
We may fall in the waves & be drowned.
We shall go under & our flowers with us drowned.
~~Wet~~ Thin arms with fish my throat with bubbles.
Meanwhile we fly.
But Heaven [illegible]

~~Down on the level land~~, ~~There~~ where the elm trees
stood, the ~~cattle~~ ~~by~~ The afternoon sun, ~~shafts~~ ~~slow~~
~~falling~~ warming the ~~fields~~ land, made the level land
~~seem very~~ ~~by shadow~~ ~~lie~~ very ~~even~~, ~~they~~ get very ~~rich~~
beautifully rich; with deep blue warmth in the shadows; with
red in the yellow corn. A deep warmth.
Laughter over the fields. ~~The~~ ~~Then~~ A cart, a
horse, a ~~rake~~ a flock of rooks, - whatever
moved was ~~a~~ rolled round in gold; ~~fainting~~
~~faint~~; & ~~when~~ when ~~a~~ a cow moved a leg
it seemed to ~~be~~ ~~ripples~~ of red gold. The
horns seemed to be radiant. ~~And~~ when the
~~Waggon~~ & cart came back, ~~with~~ ~~the~~ ~~of~~
wasps of hay seemed like sprays of ~~red~~ ~~flaxen~~ hair

taking a whole
village in that
Grade catching from a
Value Net
– Why not Pg

NYPL

along a

against the village in a blue mist

Coming into the back the door stood wildly raised with light, miraculous, like parkets, whole drops, something whose sweetness could not be exhausted. by the rushed Carmelus long deep drawn kiss of Mari mother — working women in check aprons.

The Darkness over the plain came round headed shadows, which never changed their shape, which kept every atom of their colour, indelibly; creating a hill, hollowing a blue cavern, Care, a Cape, making a whole village lay in their enormous shaded reality seem in blue. Far away on the horizon, among hills grown many fine as many grains colour of blue dust, a window burnt; & the tracks of the trains were a flattening lane, or a jungle line. of railway or church steeple or tree or mast. The children rushed into the cottage from school came the mother, coming out with a jug, said

No, said Jenny, I am not sure.

Jenny & Fred were in their a long way in Piccadilly South side, Regent Street North, Haymarket Piccadilly West said Jenny, the Lights had clasped their trick-box open. I know the mood. things are suddenly Shaken to icy — here where I stand. Rhoda I see. Everything was distinctly the all became Rhoda a dead: Percival is dead. Then, white anemal that I am, my- self I am like a field mouse, I think, very with my My Chin Hands are tucked in boot. bright eyes, my Hands that are tucked in & out with every breath - I stamp away, alive. Neglect Crushed by a boot; a Mashed sapling a big dog. I am to have my choice. This is a luncheon, under the pavements where all that is desirable gelatinous meets Together. Move

NYPL

The bell dame very near my little body but missed it.
But after all

Moreover, I will not be afraid. ~~I will not consent to~~
~~They are very~~ I am not a whom piteous little animal,
always making for the shadow. For a moment ~~me~~ I was
bewildered. I grasp my ~~to be~~ little bag very tight & looked at the
different exits ~~with a~~ as if I would ~~make a bolt for it~~. And
for a moment (but I am afraid of these sensations - I dislike
them) the extraordinary elegant, the flight of bodies,
down the moving stairs, ~~to what~~ affects me
seemed like the descent, ~~or~~ the fall. Then the air of
some winged, terrible, ~~dreadful~~ ~~winged~~ & ~~silent~~, of doomed —
Away & then - silver & the charming ~~of~~ some bygone
then dismissing them - for a moment ~~they~~ I was dismayed
a cowering little animal;
Rathbone Place ~~right~~ my own reflection in the ~~shop~~
black plate window, as the war of Piccadilly.
I thought the whole omnibus, This is the
triumphal procession, I said; with its banners & its
brass eagle carried by ~~hum~~drum people. This is the
army, crowned with laurel leaves. ~~And~~ This I had above
my head is the broad thoroughfare, ~~equable~~,
dry, brilliant, ~~where~~ ~~where~~ I too, ~~having the~~ with my
flowering drawer, my little hatted leather shoes, my
handkerchief that is but a film of Gauze, my
reddened lips & my finely pencilled eyebrows
~~walk~~ new to sail; ~~flaunting my coloured heart in the~~
~~sun of the London~~.
Look, how they show off clothes here - queer
underpaid, under a ~~hysterical~~ rack-ans!

Piccadilly
Rain
Regent St
Jones
Wonders

Green bright
mud &
Chairs

NYPL

Gauzes & silks. Throw on Shoes trimmed with lace. And
rough tweeds for the northern heather. And there is the
right time at Pekin or New York. Or seem to me,
I stand in the very knot ~~centre~~ of desirable ways —
By here Piccadilly, ~~Here Regent Street, or~~ to
Piccadilly or Regent Street. Look how they crawl
Orgaine, marshall, eject, take in, turn about direct, &
bid urge us on; thus ~~he Jam satan~~
Whimbering ~~little~~ assigned. ~~They are~~ why should I
~~were~~ whimper & run for shelter when they are all
so magnificently equipped, so Heroical, so daring, so
curious too & instructive — ~~Lo~~ there is a
Clock which tells one the right time at Pekin —
I will put a dab of powder on my nose —
redden my lips. And then, drawing to me with a superb
gesture a Cab — whose Driver will be eager to come to me —
so struck the Streets & catching this eagerness even in
the eyes of rake dollies & mere sandwich men —
I shall drive to my own home, pull the ~~bell~~
Chain myself. Hang open the windows, & be ready
for Neville or Louis or Bernard. ~~with~~ And
~~with them~~ I shall sit with them, alone, hour
after hour, till late at night; hearing the
telephone ring; ~~and~~ ~~we shall~~ ~~sit~~ ~~open~~ ~~the~~ ~~door~~
And with one line ~~open~~ we shall hear a light-
hearted step arranging the world,
laying our amusement in our curiously
flying Mrs Elsenath a flat, with some lei-
flattering ~~inquiry~~ with some explanation, with some lei-
surely done under moments, write a great deal
always left unsaid. for I share not the imagination of the
mind. I am a ~~woman~~ woman however. That then
gives me a curious sense of things under my
touch blows.

~~With trains~~
~~Comm~~ ~~&~~
~~pawn~~ ~~&~~
~~young~~ ~~ass~~
~~regularly as~~
~~the waves~~ ~~the~~
~~Sea~~

NYPL

Yet when the young man tells me, as he always does,
the story of his heart, I shall ~~feel to~~ clap my hands;
I shall sing my praises; the Muse I am after. But
there will be just one moment of ~~silence~~ hollowness
as I clap my hands: an echo, ~~a hollow clapping~~
"Rhoda is dead": then silence, whetting my fury sharply,
I shall urge him to tell me more, ~~still~~ more, about the
anguish of his love. ~~I shall~~ I shall ~~touch his~~
head. I shall ~~to me~~ I shall make him kiss me.
~~kiss~~ his hand & make him kiss me.

As the words take into them. (about his love)

pause. his tongue his

Now the Corn was cut, & the ~~Hyena bird~~ ~~was left~~
~~made shadows~~ A black stubble remained & all that
flowery & warm. ~~&~~ the ~~owl~~ suddenly & great
owl launched itself from the elm tree, &
~~&~~ ~~lighted on the~~ sway — as if a
beautifully rhythmic calling; ~~to the~~ ~~in a~~ fast
falling & rising as a line dipped, to the
& lighted on the Alder.

In the wood the ~~same~~ marbled ~~the trees~~
All the ~~Way trees~~ ~~&~~ all the sky was layers flowers flowery warm
sprinkled with white black specks; flowery works:
Won ~~the trees would be black with them.~~

As they came crowding about her

In the woods the straight lights came from bowl to
plate; made the knife blade crescent;
crowded the clothes & the looking glass with
colours ~~&~~ ~~&~~ ~~&~~ colours, running into colours,
many dividing, leaving channels of light, making
They love their ~~face~~ purple & become merely
objects. immortalised by being rid of purpose; &
yet ~~&~~ ~~more~~ more & unfamiliar, & yet
demanding comprehension

NYPL

"I read Lowe — Every sentence began with I. The
read Lowe. until, having impressed those all the
Germ leaders in the office, & asserted my own
supremacy which is indeed considerable — I am
a man of very great authority & influence — this
amazing what I have done, & where I am due now, & who
I am — of Mich — I come home & [began again that
ominous attempt — (it began years ago) & has
been continued all my life: to read ~~poets & that~~
poem. Much more [required than an a
knowledge & [language & to ~~I hang up~~
& hang up my coat; hat my gold headed cane there;
(I like to fancy that Pope walked with such a stick) down
Mr. H- & divert myself ~~who I am~~ with ~~to~~ adherents & obsequious
respectful devotion. ~~which~~ This only a ~~that~~ poem.
& ~~distinctive~~

O ~~western~~ wind,

Pastels at Enmore with my translation. Happen: with the
vulgarest ugly adorable women who have never been
able to think beyond [given by their years?
(that ~~that~~) chose her —

O western wind

O western wind, ~~when wilt thou blow~~ =

How very only one person who understood that. & the only
happily! Rhoda would have understood that: she
would not have spoilt it. with her teeny sweetly
with her intense abstraction, with her eyes, the
colour & shape that: green opaque shining.

NYPL

O Western wind When wilt thou blow
That the small rain down can rain?
Christ that my love were in my arms
And I in my bed again!

Come to me alone at night, or at the most prosaic hour of
quiet day, she would go to the window, a Hand before —
forget how long — all the Chimney tops & the Cats, at the
broken windows of how high. I never asked her what
She saw.

I sat with my back often before me; a woman Hanely
Curious of her presence. My task, my burden has always been
much greater than anyone. A pyramid was upon my
shoulders. There had I to do a Colonial work. Am I helped;
Have I not ~~from time to time~~ driven a velvet an
unruly & terribly vicious team? — Yeah my
Australian accent; & the ~~invectives~~ load laid upon me
at birth to weld ~~me~~ together those elements which no alchemy will compass. Jan
I ~~am one of those who~~ would have been happier to
have been born without a destiny. To feel merely a
~~soul is to force so much.~~ Peasant, I ~~[illegible]~~ yet
Yet vizid with Ambition!

Rhoda with her blank eyes, her curious negative
eyes. Leant at the window, ~~looking at~~ & beheld
~~we could see~~ while I, concentrating my mind on
a little poem, saw. like some rare pucker, some
terrible adherent mouth, to draw back from it
its core, its menace. the stone lodged in the centre.
What pain a terrible affair to me — broken has
held there deep sunk, deep imbedded hard stones.
And I have known nothing whatever of human life,
Hush I chose my words, with the Loathsomeness
Accent, in order that the night help me. I
have been humiliated a dozen times a day by
Charwoman. What hope early gloom.
Mocking my poems & superciliousness
Like a hen. like some high stepping
Victorian Crane or at the Zoo.

Why in
Later days,
with my
visions,
writing
Confessions,
heretofore

NYPL

O western wind, when wilt thou blow
That the small rain down can rain
that has ~~been~~ my destiny, the sharp pointed pyramid that has
pierced ~~upon my me, all these years~~ on my ribs, the
~~weight I have carried, I~~, all these years? ~~first that~~
~~I~~ ~~remember~~ That I remember the Nile, & the women carrying
hutches on their heads; ~~that I am no single & solitary~~
~~appearance last~~ that I remember; that I feel myself woven in
out of the long summers & winters that have made the
Corn flow & frozen the streams. I am not a single &
passing thing; my life is ~~not~~ a moments bright
thrash like that on the ~~surface~~ face of the water I am dimmed.
I must weave together; I must blanket ~~strands, strong~~
cables, ~~the~~ in the many threads, the many coloured, the
thin the thick the broken & the endless of our
long history of our tumultuous & varied day.
There is always something to be condemned;
~~also there is always~~ a ~~some~~ cause declared to be remedied.
declared for: ~~some~~ a smooth lubricity to be avoided.
Broken & tragic ~~on the foot stained roofs~~ that I see
~~These broken fragments~~ is the effect. And
broken & root stained are those roofs, with their
Chimney ~~and~~ Cowls; their loose slates; their
Yanking Cats, & attic windows. I push my way over
broken glass, among shattered tiles, seeing only
vile & famished faces.
Let us suppose that I make a moments
music, & then die. I can assure you it will
not be unwillingly. Percival died; Rhoda died;
They had ~~no consciousness in them~~ But I shall have to
be gaunt, to be sere, to be imminently
respected as I trap my way along the pavement
to the city. ~~I shall be very old~~; Perhaps I shall

NYPL

never die but bleach up here like some bone. Calen gets its
marrow, Retreat does were flowering with green
leaves, many a was laid in earth with ash his branches
still stark nighing in the summer wind. Rhoda
my strange companion, with whom I shared silence
She who hung back always when the herd assembled
& followed with orderly click backs over the
rich harbures (I remember Hampden lovers) has been
consumed on the new; has gone: like a vapour, like the
desert heat. When the sun blisters the roofs of the city
I shall think of her: when the dry leaf rattles in the flowers.
When old men come with baskets & mounted sticks
picking their bits of paper. I think think of

Attack Christ that my love were in my arms
And I in my bed again!

NYPL

Ranks
The stubble was full of sharp pronounced shadows. now that the
sun had gone very slightly behind the hill. The cows horns
were sharp crescents; the Rook of a rook was sharp seen
like that of some great tent in a desert, the Hats black, & the
line clear cut against the haze & reflection of the
Rook Clouds. ~~A boy turn running & barking might~~
A Shepherd might be cool black, & then, turning
to ~~red & ruddy~~ red faced, with ~~white jacket~~
& ~~brown~~. clothes flecked in whiteness.
~~water~~ The ~~sun~~ Runny gold in midstream, the river
became black as a bit beneath the bank.
Dowcy ripples of gold in the air, suddenly birds vaulted as if
nothingness. Yet, as the runny tide of the wake, the
fruit hung against brick framing this shiny globes, in which
fowlam & carlacks of red; & ~~the~~ soft swollen pears
were pulled out from the wall; & the grass was like
blades were all softly burning in one soft green.

Now I have reached the summit of my desires; said
Susan, I am walking alone my fields with my son.
The gate is rusty & he heaves it open. The hand &
passionate closeness of childhood, my tears in
the ~~London~~ schoolrooms, my ~~rage~~ sin. loneliness in
foreign places, when I must ~~take a~~ hear rules
Clatter in ~~foreign~~ market places. & hear the
chatter of ~~barbarities~~. Rich eyed women, with work
wearing bright rose says ~~in Paris~~ & carnations
twisted in their hair, is rewarded by their ecards. I
possess all I see. I have grown trees from the seed; &
I have made clear ponds in which the broad
leaved lilies flower. I have raised melons & peas,

NYPL

Growing luxuriously in the glowing heat of Plantations; And
Where deer my dogs & daughters and yelled over the fruit
in their Coils have broken the meshes & now
walk with me, taller than I am, ~~above~~ Casting huge shadows
upon our fields. Now I am fenced in, surrounded, protected.
My sons & daughters I say, & even the iron mongers ~~wife~~ Their
looking up from his ledger & seeing what the
Shabby Car at the door, Jack & butterfly nets & parcels.
We hang mistletoe on the clock at Christmas; &
~~bring~~ weight ~~or~~ ~~bushels~~ Blackberries & measure our
height ~~on the bay~~ year against Skulls in the
Drawing room. And when I who make wreaths for the
Dead; or ~~sit~~ sit by the bed of ~~Death~~ drunken & fatigue
women, meeting their last obscenities, Oh fallen &
vile & almost intolerable, & cold to me, born an Irish, &
Early acquainted with the ~~I~~ am jaw & the dumb leap,
the callous straying & cut & the mother with two ~~heads~~ Upon
Growing Children. Where deen the window streams with
heat. Where melt the sink

Sunday where can the shadow enter, what
Work can shake loose my laboriously gathered
firmly shaped relentlessly pressed down life? —
Enter the dust something I am sick of natural
happiness with its cloud yielding its fruit flowers
its children jelly cats & then ~~trotting~~ heavy Sun
in hoarlane & jelly Pig home with trophies — ears
Jaws, Skulls of deer, & pipe work ~~with gold~~ arms worn at Heart.
Stamped on them. I am sick of the body. I am sick of
& ask the rapt ask the Sunday ask the Strong Entombers
ways in which the mother ~~for Grave~~ Covers, protects, cherishes
helps. Gathers for Weather & ~~makes hoofing her Long~~
tables ~~bold under her wing other hungry Days~~.
eat one big table.

~~I Had~~ Then when Spring comes perhaps. The first day.

Clutching my head

NYPL

then instead [illegible] I remember ~~that~~ phrases, that Bernard made when we were children; & the lamp shook above us, very light, ~~making~~ the blue sky was breaking through; the ~~pigeons~~ birds flying; & something ~~happened, something~~ that ~~he~~ ~~stopped~~ through [illegible] ~~& stood to be~~ caught ~~the lamp, here~~ & what he said trailed away, up, up, like the story that Clarissa threw on our path, always scraping ~~away shadows~~, always breaking any stillness, leaving something darkening, uncertain. ~~And~~ ~~May to~~ ~~Any that air is~~ & whenever was through ~~way~~ the clear, the serene, the marvellously orderly air. (For we have ~~also never had~~ always been making me ashamed when the bell rings to come down to the servants' lunch. Or this Evening, or ~~May~~ you know, my husband knows, asks them ~~to talk to him~~ long hours ~~working out sums~~ with the men; & looking up from my sewing I see the ~~light~~ ~~flash~~ of the lamps on the windows, or it may be a light from a passing car, & ~~then~~ began thinking then of ~~something strange~~ & irregular & [illegible] of doorsteps: I brightly stand people. They go Upstairs; they are not bound to each other.

NYPL

& the ~~truely~~ thing has ~~never~~ disturbed the familiarity
of my memory, when I heard the lunch bell ring & thought bitterly
There is no morning the hour now. Like Hands round me
like Flies round some unfrequented ~~in the~~

I hear uneasy confused movements: agonies. There in-drawing
crowds in London, men & women are being sucked round
the ~~focus~~ of hatred, drawn by ~~vapour~~ currents of hatred &
amusement, ~~drawn together~~ twisted, distorted; &
are engaged in a violence of movement, ~~because~~ with
their minds drawing them on, & making whirlpools.
Here they dart & eddy; there they ~~stay~~ & ~~sink~~,
on the surface far above me, who ~~the~~ ghastly circle,
round & round, stagnant, content, rather ~~sqlent~~ &
apey below my time, ~~with envy I who~~ and to
Knitting, cleaning, for the most part peacefully
Content. But something has escaped me.

angry like
world
swallows
on the air

humanity of

it most.

Now the ~~air~~ substance wholely was gone even from those ~~least~~
from the immensely solid hills: warmed through, they seemed
made of grains of ~~translucent~~ opium, purple; & an ache to the
foot, hot, ready to engulf the weather. And yet
in their transiency, their mutability, ~~color which~~
for ~~they~~ the light travelled on, every moment, was
given power & thing of the ~~there~~ finality, ~~as if~~
of the immortal, the ~~thing~~ reservoir of passing
Generations; some flute from the Why of unearthly Nature
as if the ~~the~~ austere guardian, outside, the ring of
Earthly habitations had ~~magnified~~ sang some
unknown watchword; & yet ~~immediately~~ ~~the that it~~
was, ~~still~~ strangely ~~lovely~~, it was a deadness;
crowned. And yet ~~between~~ ~~this~~ so hot &
that the old tarred house was sweet with smells &
mould; & where the gardener coat hung on a nail,
& the ~~moons~~ ~~hung~~ in ~~the~~ ~~sky~~ iridescent skins,
~~by~~ ~~left~~ glistening ~~forked~~ ~~tongues~~ therkin & the dead adder beside them.

remain them

Comfortably

NYPL

I do not need a word anymore, said Neville. I am ~~[illegible]~~ happy in the Wards. One could swear, when the gates of the tube left open, that a ~~Crowd of~~ troop of gentle & happy people now cut into ~~theatre~~ Leicester Square. ~~[illegible]~~ Yes I believe to feel acutely for the moment without bitterness. I could say almost truthfully 'I love my friends.' ~~I am no longer poisoned & diseased~~ ~~I am to apply to perceive every ill & shadow of their minds.~~ I look at them through perfectly clear water now. Ugly ah, (I have secured I refuse. Something I would) for are not to be remarkable. We are not ~~cannot~~ arrogate to ourselves the powers of Nurses — then better to laugh. Yes ~~time~~ better to laugh reading Shakespeare. There's the fool: there's the villain. They will act their parts: almost before they To this perpetual cackle of open their lips I know what they are going to say, yet it is a herald the coming of the divine moment when, miraculously, the words fail speak exactly what) divine. I clap my hands — I laugh. Now a play without an end. They will Will be talking when I slip from the walls. Indeed, future only a matter of sitting & listening; life has been ~~too~~ far more ugly miracle than one was given to understand. by those saints divines who preached (from pulpits thick by haunted a rich chocolate brown) discipline wrath & all ~~Pag ag bag~~ ack the thumbscrews & tortures of the middle ages ~~to those people~~. Here's the fine fellow: & here the pompous ass; & here Cassandra — Ophelia; here's some perfect nonentity. a ~~Be~~ boy on a bicycle coasting ~~P~~ rock ahead rolls Rogue Also there are legions of damned people standing (like that man in pantaloons Macaud on the Polia Court walk) their feet on fire howling.

Oh yes. I sometimes keep,

NYPL

to set wake
But it is delightful when the wood fall into them blaze
like bells bells and bells into bonfires; ~~& to sit watching~~
listening & to Sit when one comes in, ~~& gathered them up ready~~
Enough to make merry in the corner of the ~~hand~~ Thibby
Sofa with the broken spring. ~~Then~~ She says ..., jumps to
the window — Then he says ... lighting his pipe. She does
opens. He comes in. Luck, I say ... And the
kettle boils over ... ~~I have one~~ — & ~~He~~ is ~~right~~.
Songs the book came in a kind of trance I read half a
page of ~~the~~ anything. And then ~~I was in the~~
they ~~began~~, & thus they ~~madly wrestle & fight~~, then
old Ancient, irreconcilable friends, with their
ancient grievances, their indomitable ~~Lordships~~, &
their strength energy; ~~so that only they not with~~
wrestle & fight; all the time like Shakespeare; &
And the child dances dressed in her mother clothes. Or the
boy fights. Then a Shakespeare, without the words
But now again ~~Come~~ some unlucky thing — Louis, Rhoda —
~~whatever~~ pass through, discovered, unlucky. They ~~as~~ want
a plot, do they? They ~~want things & happen~~ 2. They
want a reason? Discipline ~~is~~ not enough
~~Then they wanted to~~ for them to to trace the invisible
lines

(That can can make Empty ending Jew.

NYPL

Thaxted

Chases them;

or makes it flutter & jerk;

Not enough for them to ~~hear them~~ the ordinary scene.
~~with it~~ Not enough to ~~hear him~~ listen wait ~~for the~~
moment when the thing will be said, as ~~if~~ were written;
to watch the forms ~~come together~~, moulded, with each dab & stir
& line, human fervent, as if a ~~skeleton~~ ~~added~~ skeleton &
~~body~~ built; to ~~be~~ feel ~~not~~ in the air there ~~any~~ ~~any~~ presence
~~the~~ there ~~astonishing~~ menace, tender or ~~ringleaders~~
joyful, ~~which hover~~ — something which make ~~to the~~
~~like me, who have always~~ do ~~play~~ hang about the edges
of words, & make the words, & the ordinary fathering
deeper than any ~~that~~ philosophy, ~~more~~ stranger than any
fantasy; with always something more too, further down
further, ~~that~~ one runs dizzy. & chase them, so that
~~they~~ Even ~~as they~~ ~~hang down~~; & make the
~~words~~ venture so tenderly & so radiant, often
very annoying; ~~but they~~ which give the ventures
the curve of a boomerang; & which fill the air: which
make the moment the unfair: memorable
~~so as to go into a book had started~~; or
& make us now shiver, now
which hang about the edges of words. ~~those~~ ~~seem~~ ~~have~~ are always

But how I have seen known drawn: ~~those seem~~
death: ~~those seem~~ made a Mirde. Also, I have
heard what the fairies further music of ordinary life.
~~I have watched~~ the carved ~~movements~~ the hay waves
breathing; & ~~then, also,~~ ~~on the carved bay~~. ~~And~~
~~what is~~ also, here, ~~among these~~ ~~among~~ moving about
freely among these old cronies, ~~whom~~, ~~years ago~~,
~~by~~ I am also ~~boomed~~ by talking a ~~rubby~~ among
them I the shy creatures moving about in the undergrowth.
And also then, if one does just look, like Lorna in
Rhoda, to ~~certain~~ ~~certain~~ there behind iron railings,
~~there~~ There are also moments of wild
despair, when the room can play, & the house
& laughs heavy ~~transformed~~ ~~play~~ a race

NYPL

~~ask to be~~ taken at the ~~new~~ translate the words; ~~Nothing~~
~~then seem to~~ Are ~~they~~ to wait to learn a code, and
when there is ~~Laughter;~~ & old ale then should be restrained
as ~~some~~; ale then should be applauded. We should think only of
what ~~impression we are~~ making when taken yet to be born. And
whether someone in heave afterwards. And what degree we
should cut up the eye the ~~Global~~ public were then in the
room. ~~We should consider readers as to letter things in~~
us who do not know yet shall be alive tomorrow; who have
who are further hearing.

Yes beneath the dignity ~~of~~ man to spend his days there
There ties are tenuous: there affections vain; these moments
Contain nothing that serves the common weal.
~~This is the~~ Never better to sit ale day & make money.
Or to wear a gown. Or to wear a Garter.
Get merely to read ~~on~~ Shakespeare ~~reads~~ so
to sit listening needs some rarer gift
Make a kindness. To look into the pool, where all
Glimmer & vanishes with clear eye. ~~To better to~~
interpretation. ~~Always to shuffle~~ And when the
not to interpret. And to be Critical - And to
Throw out caution to the wind. And then to
interrupt or break the sentence. And to
know how, when the does them, to create this
two ~~in to one~~. And to perceive ~~how else~~ what
dignity then means. And to be disparaging. And
to weep silently. And with keen knives to
Cut away coarseness, clumsiness & ale the ~~brightness~~
that fashion buys - to form alum, its sweets. And ....
to be able to follow some new face.

NYPL

The money makers do not enter here. The timber has a brother thought

They say that one must beat ones way against
the storm in the belief that the sun shines on a new land,
fade there into grey hours, fledged with poplar fire: tall,
lofting into purest breeze; & there is truth, & there
Exit more clean, there bare there is value. & there are
or the shapes which for grace create here, in our
Chastic & Cloudy words; that there are the Hard & Exit
is something entire about a Muffled alone here, in the
Corner in the Dark, up that turn, down this
blind alley: absurd; Rhoda knew, with her
such antipathy. like that in dark yet, like these
Louis, in his top room, with his hand shading his eyes,
her hand with her eyes & wound we doubt welcome the
feel nothing but pleasure should death come,
& looks after her, Must compelled, by the force the intellect, to
resume his fanciful work & wanting not the Chord of
incantation the fanciful Stem of Eyebrow.

But look at this. I mean, the way where somebody is
one hears the thing said in of that boy walks. One
Cannot even read a letter hast without effort. I can
assume for, the page is rather corrupt also.
words are missing. To take certain meanings is
very difficult. One is also two tried or two days to
understand one a metaphor. One must
have done two with certain exhaustion, with certain
tenderness. To read this page one must be all
eyes: afraid of nothing. Nor must one interrupt.
And one must have extreme patience, a let the
least sound, even yet were a shadow delicate feet,
darkening on the turf, or the chuckle of some
bird outside the window. For how the nothing into a
shape unfold her. For how the

Cut. in the ending

to the people here (the

who knows

in some

way that

blind fanatics

trust

confuse this

way of

& tolerance of

fierce [illegible]

NYPL

Smooth deep [illegible]

rejected in fear or spite. ~~And~~ The poet who wrote this particular scene has withdrawn ~~the~~ hope. Here are no commas no rainy colours. The lines do not run in convenient lengths. And [The verse is torn] there are violent intermissions; ~~when~~ then [illegible] much their nonsense. And we shall only spoil the sense if we try to prove - ~~a poem or~~ One must be sceptical. & throw over caution to the winds. And know how when the door opens to one whatever it is too. And weep silently. And with ~~keen~~ known cut away clumsiness & [illegible] coarseness - & to be able to follow some new face. And even when the most silly conversation at a point ~~the [illegible]~~ like a what somebody said or lips go on [illegible] forward, to push with strength a imperceptible finger word, them, parts of this curiously drama into their ~~order~~. ~~together to make beauty~~. so that they come together thus; as if

~~And But Rhoda flew~~ ~~Shakespeare~~ in at down the page, in very difficult black verse.

~~But~~ Why then should one try to the north pole; why ~~should we look for beauty among statues~~ & ~~savage poem? The child has put on an old~~ & look for statues? painting the thick leaves of the laurel?

Yet ~~when~~ ~~for a moment when~~ Rhoda passed through the room, flying fast with the staring fanatical eyes of a bird who dreams of a green grove in the middle of spray flown over the roofs of the city; ~~I felt~~ This has ~~when the new Louis back~~. ~~shattering has~~ line. They The always [illegible] behind her had to down. They were the conspirators. They ~~had their~~ ~~tell~~ were

a crest who can. [illegible] the [illegible] all [illegible] back on [illegible] back, rolled with roots, seemingly.

NYPL

like hostile who have their orders given them in a sealed packet.

But for mystery I should be content would the fire burn for ever;
~~with its~~ how ~~for this~~ domed; like a dome now, now like a
furnace in which some but glowed tasks as the work ga
Crucifix; or now the long tear scales, like a dragon. I
plumed Scarlet. I could watch the pattering ~~curtain~~
Curtain ~~turn~~ to the harvest on the curtains
flowing, & the fruit swell beneath their hooks. And
some one to & I loved ~~to hear~~ listening to the
for even to the wind in the home: with the
audible ray aunt the huge & wind & the incessant wheels &
cars; & they on Way, come in; & then talk; & then
laugh; & then more beautifully & clumsily what the
lover. Then read what you like. & then kiss me.
Then who is that running up the stair?

like the coiled tail of a frog.

like the sharp cries of some vast fowl

NYPL

Now the light had faded from the dark horse wall;
the golden skin hung there shrivelled & limply.
The shade was stood in the corner: silver from the
Earth. ~~A Star~~ ~~only here & there~~ The river was
~~silver, only~~ in short breaths; & the river ran
red, ran silver, & then ran into blackness, where the
~~grass, fold, Couched down~~ rocks like ships at
anchor, ~~only~~ The evening was falling; the
waves beating, spread their wide fans over the
stone mouth, reaching, & reaching into the
Cave, among the dead sea weeds, &
withdrawing, ~~leaved~~ ~~Curved their~~ curved
~~that~~ the ~~they, the~~ but behind them others rose, &
~~made a green~~ often behind them, upholding grey
unmeasurable.

Now the evening window hung. The ~~light~~ flashing
glass was faded, & here & there a ~~light~~
light shade had light opened, ~~light~~; then another;
~~till~~ with a line they here in lines, now, irregular;
& opened low solitary among hills, & fells, where the
Now the ~~sun went~~ ~~on the fields was~~ hills ~~sat~~
Came together what a wind, huge, rude, made
rain & ~~the~~ Kissing & closing, ~~and~~ what a
wind, ran some sheep days back, or the
cry of a bird, ~~birds~~, ~~sitting~~ some branch, far away
from the flock

Lights ~~being~~ ~~sided~~ in harbours, &
& made long streaks in the like twisted poles for
some ~~the~~ sails across harbours, where little
boats lay ~~low~~ concealed in darkness.

under the rain rain

standing cold upon a mountain though the cave, lighting, & white shadows firing a few pools

up & down in & out

NYPL

& the gabriels hooted their dark, nobly acquiescent.
Then the last owl veiled no longer with the dusk
swift flight of the day but enlarged without close at
bounds, through the complex territories of night,
~~the~~ the when nothing sweeping and hedges, where the
& the bees were benumbed & the
bird slept, & the early light were green fires in the
eyes of ~~prowling~~ cats, or ~~the hoary~~ badgers;

Now on some rabbit warren far out on the mid ocean,
one beam of one star rested; ~~beginning the~~ ~~swaying~~
in solitary grey there, seeming alive: the heart
could only some rock, crudely crag-like.
And ~~sometimes~~ across the fields moved now a lantern, a
some rat travelling light, blunt & like a
wedge of ~~slimy~~ dove a sword of light
along the road. At the three cliff,
where the rusty cliff fell, & the sea
and its waters were hardly any ~~dense~~
division; but an equal ugh, a murmur, pleasant
here on earth more distant, for shame touched
their friends & brothers by the sea, ~~was~~ & how
hollower, from caverns, from deep gulfs in
the high. the main. the irresistible sea
tremendously piled waters of the racing
Atlantic.

ah was dark; & home ~~silence~~
& lulled in a thousand starry hollows.

NYPL

a sudden hand began pulling curtains so that they met in the
middle of the window. & pulling their blinds in
drawing their blinds one smooth pull.
Also It as if there were waves in the air,
Even in its stillness, Darkness moved across,
unlike, like one wave blacker than the other, now
[Either some tree ashore, or a house, or a hill]
Underway was a some great movement, it might
be tree, a hill, or house. like the waves & water
round wreckage, in the wake of the tides of
ships, a some sunk steamer lying with its
with its funnels on the bed the sea, its
funnels the home of fish,. the
Here it washed down steely, & where some
Eddying round single figures standing under walls;
& Couples Clasping Each other as it
under the showery darkness of the tree; & how it
rolled its wave along grassy roads;
wrinkles upon the skin of ancient turf,
Encircling the solitary thorn tree; & then
mounting higher slowly along the bare
upland holes. & then rising, it met the
shaded serenades of the mountain-top, the
high stoned city & place where the two
stone troops, whose which are white when the
valleys are full of mist were wet, & rainy water, &
the breezy fields. resting in the verandahs both ups
Even to them shading the steps their faces;
like Even there too the darkness
Overflowed, Covering Covered.

hanging over the parachute of a trapeze

Under the lacy shadow

NYPL

1930
April 7th

20

I do not know ~~where I am, nor who I~~
altogether where I am, said Bernard. ~~whether this table is~~ which
of the many little white tables with glass & knives
& lives one is; ~~I can't have sat at many thousands.~~
That ~~wound~~ may be the sound of traffic, or again it
~~may be this may be a little~~ restaurant ~~into which~~ Thus the Mediterranean
~~may be~~ tapping on some quay; & the Indian ~~boats~~ may be
tipping a heap of silver fish ~~on to the shore~~. ~~onto the quay~~
So for my 'self', ~~that too has taken many~~ ~~shapes.~~
has been ~~so often~~ made & unmade ~~again that I am~~
so often that I hardly know it. I ~~have~~ seldom
attempt ~~to look at it now.~~ ~~Moreover, as I am one~~
detach it now from its surroundings.

But when I meet somebody, as young as you are, &
almost unknown, then a curious phenomenon
sometimes takes place. I & Bernard, myself, at
~~different stages, joining~~, who is not quite myself sits
out down at a bench, shining here & there in the
welter of circumstance: he seems to consolidate
himself, & to be Bernard the child, Bernard the boy,
Bernard in love; ~~but~~ more often I am
~~But~~ At these moments, if I had a pencil handy &
a shutter not broken I could ~~make~~ draw a plan of
~~my life, as it would~~ ~~the~~ ~~intersect~~ ~~the~~ ~~pattern~~. I say
I want up there; this line, myself, ~~makes a~~
proceeds to swell, here & here, into large
loops, so that my line begins to resemble a bunch of
grapes: Each loop, ~~apparently~~ a new
Cosmos I say or map of the world, ~~floating~~ on the
thin ~~single~~ line. ~~Only~~ my life; an irregular

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in a voice of rigid but determined features;

to hang over the pinnacle - wells & unsympathetic
who some selves think of immortal God. Who he
who is the Centre of these Groups; he who presides &
Causes these Contradictory voices to Circle round him -
~~He was indeed a very nice little boy.~~ Look at him now.
There is a child sobbing behind a hedge with her
handkerchief screened up in a bank. Remark
reaction to that moment was benign, & felt this
(& you know how much feelings strike into people, whatever
their surroundings may be - a walk, a hedge)
Was very odd how the human back works upon down
like a pump handle, in ~~process~~ But which I
find - to get the exact phrase (Cannot remember an ge
when I did not try to get the exact phrase, ~~which~~ a
habit that won me the reputation of Coldness - you say, on
pauses) ~~he - he - I saw he' to myself pass~~ - she felt too,
O wretched mortals, compelled thus to endure what none
can avert. ~~In these last attic revelations of~~
No phrases can catch the sublimity of that revelation.
Grown men left no more than ~~he~~ did. The Scene
Changes: we are now sitting on an ~~Eminence~~ Eminence only
high hills, ~~glow~~ under bright ~~sky~~ sky, ~~the~~ ~~we~~ ~~are~~ ~~also together~~. ~~whole men~~
with strong brooms sweep a lawn. ~~I know because~~
~~under brooms of them, because~~ beauty & beauty of the past. I see the gardeners
Reaping - I know that Nannet whisper with a
Single Stroke of their brooms. What ah the
whom for some reason I have always called Mrs Jannet,
waiting at a table between two long windows.
We clutched each other's hands, looked at that Scene.
What I felt was, at very strange that one should feel so
much. ~~about~~ the very important to assert one's control over
feelings. I suppose, or one will lose one's self forever.

very sense of
purity & tragedy
Volume
and.
We are
doomed we
are doomed
we are
strapped to
a turning
wheel.

NYPL

& there is no Jealousy I dread more, nothing that humiliates me more. We therefore ran down the hill, hand in hand. The stable clock still there for me, with its old hands, its ~~old~~ the knocking about ~~of~~ by boys in neat stable boots under here. Did I mistake love & Jealousy! - did I even feel the faint emotions of sexual excitement? Well I saw a pigeon; & no doubt my phrase was a love poem: no doubt whenever any wound becomes loved ~~must~~ ought to Knock a hole in one's mind, one is in love. But with what? I think that on that occasion I was in love with being alive enough to feel contempt or death. ~~Hate~~ ~~That was~~ screwed up, like wet barbed handkerchiefs ~~that~~ but my teeth on edge.

I have fallen in love all my life: but not always with human beings.

Yes we were all there, with Mr Earnshaw, ~~Miss~~ ~~Gotta~~ ~~always~~, Susan Pickwood, Lowen, Merrill, Rhoda & I. I do not include Percival as you would understand if you had not beheld him in chapel. He was without any ~~trace of~~ human charm. He had the kind of beauty which ~~is~~ absolutely defends ~~it~~ itself from any cares. And as he was not particularly clever, he was very much Poorer than the ~~rest~~ ~~of us~~ in ~~possessing~~ the results of Youth. He read the Unchristian a third with ~~not~~ perfect ~~ease~~ ~~The Queen's Visitors refers to the garden~~ - the Homeless Finest; ~~He~~ I think he read ~~the Kind of~~ book ~~in~~ the unfinished a ~~He~~ ~~wanted~~ up in ~~Earl~~ School ~~walks~~ chapels liberally. Every thing that ~~is~~ written ~~by~~ ~~love~~ ~~words~~ Lays his ~~unbreakable~~ ~~He was unbreakable to love words~~ ~~Lays~~ ~~his~~ ~~unbreakable~~ Eyes ~~to~~ ~~him~~ the heart of human beauty Hayes ~~ravaged~~ ~~to him~~ Her heartache did not offend him.

But ~~both have~~ I have found myself in difficulties, Jane talking about ~~the dance~~ rather in the dark for some reason of reserve. Now, James, (whom I met for the first time last night) ~~broke~~ ~~for a moment~~ ~~put~~ ~~his~~ ~~head~~ ~~on~~ ~~my~~ Give me the assurance that you will ~~shoulder~~ if I make a fuss next leap into the dark - Dart, at Nine, like a Horseman ~~Holding~~ ~~Leaping~~ off

Inhabitants of the Same Garden. (One of Rhoda's poems describes old Miss Pringle's lemon-Chocolate Cream)

NYPL

& there is no [illegible] I dread more, nothing that humiliates me more. We therefore ran down the hill, hand in hand. The table clock still there for me, with its gilt hands, & the knocking about & a bag in front table beats under here. Did I make love to Jane! – did I even let the faint remembrance of my real existence? Well I rama pigeon; & no doubt my phrase was a love poem: no doubt whenever any wound becomes loud enough to knock a hole in our mind, we is in love. But with what? I think that on that occasion I was in love with being alive enough to feel contours of death. ~~Then~~ ~~that was~~ screwed up, like wet leather hand clenched ~~that~~ ~~beat~~ but my teeth on edge.

I have fallen in love all my life: but not always with human beings.

Yes we were all born within each other, ~~this~~ ~~little group~~, Jane ~~Percival~~, Lewis, Neville, Rhoda & I. I do not include Percival as you would understand if you had not ~~left~~ behind him in chapel. ~~He was without any~~ ~~trace of human character~~. He had the kind of beauty which ~~absolutely~~ defends utterly from any cares. And as he was not ~~particularly~~ clever; ~~but was very much~~ ~~cleverer than the rest~~ ~~to us~~ in expressing the revolts of youth. he read the Imitation a ~~that~~ which we ~~did~~ not suspect ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~Jane's~~ ~~poems~~ ~~to the Jane~~ – the Homeless ~~Jane~~; ~~He~~ I think he had ~~the Kind of~~ luck ~~the~~ ~~in~~ ~~which~~ ~~we~~ ~~all~~ ~~had~~ liberally. ~~He was probably~~ ~~born~~ ~~made~~ Lying his ~~unbelievably~~ ~~flaxen~~ ranged head ~~did~~ not offend him.

Inhabitants of the Jane Jardin.

(One of Louis poems describes old men & he should pay for lemon & chocolate (Ou)

But ~~took him~~ I never found myself in difficulties, Jane talking about ~~the dust~~ rather in the dark for ~~me~~. Way of expressing

Now, James, (when I met for the first time last night) ~~looking for a moment~~ ~~pulling~~ give me the assurance that for work ~~should~~ ~~need~~ ~~my~~ next leap into the dark – if I make a ~~thigh~~ ~~wild~~ dart. at them, like a ~~pheasant~~ ~~Nodding~~ ~~heavy~~ ~~old~~

NYPL

Suddenly the time comes when me that ~~what~~ I am not, as
You would You will know from the tone of my voice
that Percival was very ~~much~~ close. Does that impart
some new element to my story? To me, vagrant & van-
dabond, I have only cause to congratulate myself.
Accept benison Vcarely yr. ~~friend~~ Adam Bowen, ii
Telling the story of his, an absurd belief. Comes on me-
such as a moment must have, should it have pertinence
current ~~two~~ story in it. ~~He that nothing could hurt~~
~~has pierced deathwards.~~ Wilcox terribly

NYPL

of heat & cold down our spines.

of mind & temper.

battleships in a fair of wind.

His crazy words were shouted against a storm of passion & madness. At last we were ruins

the garden; the fruit without a stone. There we played. She has also described the old nurse, whose great sponge turned from lemon colour to chocolate brown as it poured showers of water thickly down her spine. We were a d bore with in earlier, Neville, Susan, Jenny, Louis Rhoda & J — but ~~dissever~~ discovered by Every horrible difference. I do not include Perceval, as you would understand if you had just beheld him in Chapel. He had the kind of beauty which defends itself from any cares. And as he was not precocious, I expect that he read whatever was written up for our Edification without any Comment; a thought, with that magnificent innocence which was to preserve him intact from so many humiliations & pettinesses, that Lucy's Elegant Sketches & pencil were the height of female beauty.

I could tell you how The headmaster went along the corridors on ~~is~~ the reading the desk of ~~his~~ his ~~in a high tea~~ lunch ~~but~~ I could tell you a story and ~~stories of~~ your ~~old~~ ~~way~~ that ~~people~~ people in authority acquire habits. But what do you think Perceval made of it? — What of that inscription; ~~on which was written~~ how did he read the very complex & contradictory text which is presented to the jury; to make whatever they can of — Lucy, & the pen artists, here a bran & brown benedictine, the round of the vasty humps, little boys nudging each other, & the immorality of the bone? Perceval read his ~~He was~~ to be a man of action. It did jerry. But if he had lived, undoubtedly his name would have been blessed by a great ~~to~~ many obscure Indians, half castes, down Trodden vaca; & the rumour would have reached ~~of~~ the great Englishman; ~~riding~~ who rode in a sun helmet; & the just & learned lawgiver: & And he would have required some ~~into~~ ordinary. perhaps Irish lady woman. & Without models like he would certainly have shocked all those in authority.

NYPL

As I need not say,
We observed a home the regular habits of the headmaster & his
wife Louis was a very good boy but not studious. He was
morose & taciturn. Neville floated in an indolent haze
like a piece of thistledown. haunting the fancy corners of the
playing field, the immunity from criticism was due
largely chiefly to his perfect manners; a his astonishing
mature taste. At fifteen he was an accomplished man of
letters. The Abbe Jude grew long tag tails o
acquired that look of troubled woals which is almost so
pathetic & so ridiculous. Jenny was the first to
come trotting up to the gate to eat sugar. She nibbled it
off the palm of your hand very cleverly: but the ears were
laid back & she might kick. And Rhoda was
cold always very good. Rhoda one could never catch.
She was natio Jurgen who first taught me the true tenderness.
pleasures of love; Therefore Jurgen ever me legere work tenderness.
She was born to be the adored of hearts & Poets require
security before all things. She had eyes like an
blue black ice- There are perhaps springs that
freeze only once in a hundred years. And then the
fat dewing. Could she have been making clothes
for her tenebrous when she was eight? She was even
tapping offerings before the was an altar? And then
Then Laying offerings on the shrine of her adoration?
And Jean the Lent gifts unworthy object of those
rivalling tears. It was on my face that the frozen
spring fell. drop after drop. Then
was I awoke in a rambling glove haunted house with all the doors open; o
Clothes & thrifty, so that her father whose duties
must have been meagre, spent his time fetching
& that them. She heard him daily in his
slippers slippers all over the house. There were
lots of servants: a maid who sang as she
shaved round the handle of the sewing machine. sewing
But meanwhile, I was ~~today~~ Byron. My ideal

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Therefore were to come into a room where they drove my
Flora & Judy whips in a chair. Naturally Juan did
Juan always
wanted romance above all things. Juan always pay to the
both care correspondingly to have another rip of Byron.
Therefore as some when a lady whom we the Saunders the
as many little brewers, lead over a hedge narrowly
missing the long cart in which Juan conducting my
Aunt to church Pat and Flora boarder exploded.
Even my college friends Words letter & letter, & letters.
Poor Juan unhappy with an unhappiness that it neither me
Glad to think of when, after that Morning work —
the horse blazed a large heart in my love affairs; of
Words: I crossed out - splashed in the drawer words into in
The Colonel his father reckoned with the Student
Consideration. And the Child letter written in church
Juan disliked her agony were Checked away
Juan disliked her agony were Checked away
almost once hurriedly read. One accidentally
missed. But could I have rolled back forty years,
I would have taken the next train to her home & offered
my hand: all in vain.
Concurrently with this, Eliza another self.
Meanwhile Louis had discovered that the Velocity & all this.
I do not know what age he was when his father died, but he
was much older, mentally, than
him I would not see it: but his mincing manner, Running, Jon eye over
what then to disguise something, too fearful his
Physic, proved that he He was not much fewer than
many pupils: but his hands always seem tied up in rags
to became a Chilblains. The point was that if
You must a bank clerk in a bell-cock hat,
You must at once do homage to the - I hesitate to send the
word; but life is supposed to be lived by such a one:
Earlier; Clearly: his letter which are veiled; they then word.
You [illegible] In a worn pile & bank clerks are wound
hear a hem like that of Eglinton & Yone were Louis.

Many words
Words into
books
intended.

NYPL

one would say That's the Worcester. He would suck in the oily smell. Inside the doors were leathered with bus tickets all the better. He particularly liked Mean Streets in manufacturing towns, where the women Hop stop about all day in their Shawls, Caring Beer mugs; & where was a Drunken brawl — Indeed, I am giving the impression that Louis was insincere in the way that I am — (when my Byron how was done. He came a Young man in Dorlcote) the his integrity is above Suspicion. Therefore when Louis met me, Libby my time away under those willows where I was wont used to be, all the summer, Reading Keats which I then Rushed into old books, his presence acted as a rebuke. I was unpleasant & gone about his mittens. I drew attention to his chilblains. Youth is cruel, Most young people are so unconscious, & But when he (at least I may exaggerate) spread a Lepreare & Wackenbok upon the stair, I pricked my ears to protect himself from chills. I must give myself credit of Generosity; I made a screen of neat bits of the stair: I must have burned boxes & boxes of matches. belonging to Louis

NYPL

Louis who crystallised one moment of time whereby a vanishing years. His hands always seemed to be tied up in rags because of chilblains. He formed a bizarre combination. I was of course unfashionable about his mittens. I drew attention to his chilblains. Good as Good became it must do battle for its own identity. But to ~~I idled~~ ~~I was idling my time away~~ ~~lying under the willows idling my time away I was~~ But when he let himself down upon an even seat cautiously, or spread a mackintosh square upon the grass, I had the generosity to salute his integrity & burned boxes of burnt matches in neat holes in the turf at his feet. His hand in Caustic Tayne approved my modena. ~~my Jesuitical-cation~~ ~~came from~~ the Gypsy, & coily lectured ~~with tales of~~ my ~~misapprehension~~ with his rather wordid ~~misfortune~~ tales; his friends were bank clerks. ~~His life was an affair of making entries accurately~~; he was ~~disillusioned~~ grim; & ~~when he spoke~~ his words turned to hard bullets. ~~took wood shot~~ talking down- Tower like wound shot. The walls reverted up as they fell. But the were the last to leave my such directions ~~phrases~~ which do the duty for ~~Incantation~~, Were thus, ~~with his~~ a ~~worn a flannel~~, them that I would myself partially absent from my Author; perhaps, as I lay under the willows; & then that I saw forms in the green branches, ~~in~~ a vision; which ~~was helped to completion~~ ~~But of course~~ I am not one of those who can ~~find~~ ~~but find~~ a total defect of this you ambition to Cast phrases in iron, mine never last a day - they are pushed by any breath - I smoked the helps of Neville, who was happy; & with his

Effaced by author.

and the leaves that pushed up like brown cells

NYPL

help. for he was not by any means capable of severer
attention without laughing, so gave my moment that
~~happens with~~ intelligent & humane laughter which
it ~~must~~, no doubt, ~~is under~~ but merely to exist as a
more ordinary ~~understanding~~ of another point of view; but
~~to become~~ gave a look to the ~~John~~ Confederation, &
I heard while they talked, at cross purposes, the soft incessant
Contradictory sounds of traffic in the high West. A
Girl on a bicycle seemed to vanish behind a Curtain,
letting a little edge to disappear into a
word of tortured sounds; & so to wound off, to my
present understanding, a
I suddenly see those willows through Rhoda's eyes.
I look along the line she stares. The moment, which
Louis precipitated, & Neville wounded, & the girl
bicycle deepened, in my present ear, now hung so
tantalizingly before me that I could detach myself
(I am capable of extraordinary detachment & have
almost more curiosity to see what other people see
than the thing itself) ~~to be~~ filled with curiosity to know what Rhoda
made of it. [She was then a girl; outward, unlaced,]
~~How large the human soul was~~ what extraordinary
fear ~~has~~ wavered & has shut like some tiger wild
that antelope that leaves, ~~can~~ reached, to quench the
wind, in her grey startled dreaming eyes!
I who have never known a moments shyness – I who
find the expert shy in the wind to pass under the hen
any ~~curtain~~ into the trees hung, ~~with~~ unconcerned,
says, every day wind. The willow. The willow –
at least my two feet, hard upon the ~~ey~~ eye.
flew I think upon some grey detail: ~~whose~~ a
single bird ~~warbles~~ gaw, with a ~~single~~ trill ringing
harmonically as a ~~pierced~~ withered tree.

Neat flick with his adroit who

much at cross purposes but those not names, with those rather like Vicarys

certain into any wind

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flesh & blood She had less gift than any of the children of men
The arm withered of the hurled stirk; all of the
war of trans became to her the father of Mean over
works.

Louis then ~~used to her~~ ~~echoed her stone~~,
recognised in her glance, her own terror become visible.
He was allied to her by Contempt & pity; such the two
together & there shuts up, a whole, a timeless, an
~~Everlasting flame.~~ her quenchable flame. he
saw the flame bend & bow & yet burn with its purpose

the fear of the human race. ~~singing with fear,~~
~~her~~ led her to simplify & enlarge, so that instead of the
face with its ~~features~~, ~~such to her so terrifying~~,
separate features, the raw ugly marks, ~~naked but~~
blank as stone, & standing stocked about in
gloves. Louis recognised in her eyes become his own
terror become mute. And the hair of them with
~~their wantonness~~ then became conspirators against our
muddy wood, with its small curiosities, &
insect creatures, intrigues. ready thugs & like crusaders;
but often ~~at loggerheads~~ funny. their weapons, &
~~such were terrible~~ upon each other. Then add

wounding

Jening.

the heavily warm of the earth had jammed & let
~~escape~~ a little flame creak. That was the fire
in the earth; silenced of stoppers, but not
with its heart, its cruelty its daring its
agility, wildness & heat.

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So through her eyes for a moment I saw the willow tree.
I saw it in its scheme intricacy & clarity. As it were
Cut out when you [illegible] and with a brother better a
with the hand drifted afterwards lost
Then Jenny came. with a flap & flame like one of the
yellow crumbled hopheis, earthy & hot & [illegible]
[illegible] febrile somehow with the [illegible] thirst & heat
& Eagerness take (always those phase [illegible]
branching in my mind) [illegible] for life; I imagine that in
[illegible] little flame she [illegible] zig zagging over the cracks in
the earth. So, as the made the moment dance;
So the made it flicker with allusion. [illegible],
[illegible], flicker with wonder, talk, but
Just the Every. Candlelit sheets, whisper. Embraces, & that
tenderness which urges one on, from room to room,
So the moment thus initiated by Lewis,
& Rachel here & there by Neville & Rhoda &
Jinny, formed & felt; [illegible] so it was that we are
impelled to those actions which are most characteristic.
Then Nature decides, when we have opened our minds
most widely to impressions, & seems to me
that I thereupon jump from the ground, impelled by the
sense that I had completed some [illegible],
first stage [illegible] meditation. made spare, finally weighted by
some thing in myself. Then drop, fell to the ground.

(What would you say, by the way, if I
told you that Rhoda had a father, or that [illegible],
Neville, [illegible] lived in a particular street?
& if I direct you to 'count'; & if I described
it & my own Medicament with the pil?
did not mean you at all?)

for [illegible] last
Candle
dies

Candle,
Curtain,
Mirror,
Embrace

by something
peculiar to
myself,

NYPL

strange little scraps of dialogue remain to me, which are almost incomprehensible. Old iron, old iron, old iron. Chairs & baskets to mend ... & the street cries. A dream of high flying hawk & two dim figures. I cannot for the life of me say what it was. Nothing remains but a dream & a street cry. By nothing my reason to work Jean has now discovered, even that a wrong pocket handkerchief or two.

Now then, we come to London. I could describe like yesterday Rhoda's father-in-law: that Neville had worn a particular shirt. I could describe Louis in great detail. But, in fact, I knew them in quite another way. In the At first, when we were very young, I knew them, as I have had to say, by their share in making my moment charged shape & twinkle distinctly; my self, my [illegible] something & I to shatter the grain & relapse me But I cannot deny that the moment was memorable became; at last, I myself, dropped into it made it fall. put without drop into made it

I rose from the ground & walked away. I stared into the windows with unseeing eyes, & bought things I had no desire for - for instance a portrait of Mr. Brahms in a silver frame. I then became that young man in Dorlcourt who yes with dun-coloured fezes drinking tea, tearing his hair - finishing (the one I mean, & I wish not describe him; became I could not now do so without laughter. Is this the right place to introduce my love story? (Is this the way
Jean already well gone ~~started~~ down that long avenue, which has run beside my whole short life, & is now so very close that I can touch there

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when the lady loves me at dinner. A turn or two with some
~~Eighteenth Century~~ ~~Regulamente~~ ly valiant, or a bow, is a
great ~~ad~~ advantage. I can now walk safe down as
familiarly among both as any man. I have gloves my
well known tracks: the glass is worn away with use or
two. Then I ~~come back~~ make love & compose & sing
that both ~~may~~ listen. I play all sorts of games; or
(by about a chemise) that I started & thereby (see 90)
can keep up in bed thinking I have settled some problem
But to when.

The way I knew Melville & Jenn & the rest was
not by any means by their home or aunts, or
prospects: sometimes I did not see them for months.
I became a haunter, a stroller, a flâneur, gilbert, with
my ill-ordered, undisciplined life, ~~always~~
never making plans, or purpose, beacon of thought
wherever I have been careful to avoid one, is
even that whatever happens is best. Any attempt to
regulate, or to discriminate seemed to me then
a ~~form~~ of blasphemy. — ~~It~~ ~~To~~ forbid, ~~to~~ we can.
~~To~~ presumptuous! ~~To~~ faith weak often!

Therefore I cannot tell you ~~anything~~ ~~exactly~~
~~except that I can~~ and how things happened; in what stages;
who said what, when. But I can tell you
what any ~~of this~~ ~~abound~~ detail, ~~that~~ about love. That
this convenient to call things ~~love~~ by some
name, even ~~this~~ incorrect.

~~I can love~~ Perceive 'loved' Jenn; Jenn 'loved' me;
I 'loved' ~~on the~~ ~~[illegible]~~ the girl
who ~~then represented~~ ~~[illegible]~~
who is what, when the ~~gay~~ man talks. The looks vaguer —
vaguer. We all suffered.

this the divine order of commandments

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friendship
That seed of Emotion sown, which is sown in the youth, when
it mingles, (as I have had to express, with something transformed in
last in process of formation in us, so, to that we become
part of our friends in us, we then went on to know
were then of course separated by streets, met with
irregularity, & the streets come between (as I mean a
I became a member, a haunter, a philosophic walk whose
erect was to accept; not to plan; I do not think I ever made
an engagement for March or February. This of course streets
fell between us; & Basil we knew each other, not by professions &
Piccadilly Circus. towns; but often it was impossible to walk from across Hyde
Park. now We knew each other not by professions & houses;
but for theatres abroad; that is only acquaintanceships; but
by the way
helped himself by whistling; as a cure against by the way
accent: funny phrase;
Neville rumpled his hair.
the pleasure & certain moments of Compare, Cowardice;
Certain habitation; but dazzling on a touch to let in a Care;
& generally the taste went on, as it were ash the same
Displays of wh. the other were volumes. degree of darkness. when nobody else noticed. This
proven tenacities inflexibility; brotherly, illumenating; &
& all this is treasured in a great Centaurid of Form
softly, accompanied by that flamenden Grandy
enchant hay Carlovis stream or chorus, in
which are that one, dream & ask for us
fabricius fearless bread, & so as wallowing
dress fearless. & saying a few words, who
in a deep Semi-Cartesian backward life; Even
those who work & do to share, that is to
Expect anything. Very
How are Of course there were Moors.
Love scenes. Here is Juran's. He brought the
jug with a smash to the ground. on every side

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The landscape seemed to thrust away. as after a lightning flash.
The night wch had seen the ride was free thieved. The
milk streamed over the table, & collecting itself in a bowl,
then fell in separate drops. ~~A cloud flew past the window.~~
(The was ~~heatwave has ever~~ (I have blended her anger: her
fury several scenes into one.) The robber, reverting to her
youngest most childish days; with such an absence of consciousness that
she might have been stealthily like a child whose eye is suddenly
seized by something outside the window. Then She then,
Collected herself: She then rose: she then Combed herself,
married: she had Children. (
And steadily ~~nearly robbed. She~~ ~~said~~ walked like an
adder, ~~murmuring such~~ was very witty, very
clever: talked & talked, deep into the night. & then,
drawing up her head, lay back robbed in her own chair:
Jenny was mistress of every box. There was ~~the cage~~;
there was the cage: ~~the fat~~ altogether, with a wheel of
yellow leather at the edge of the cage. Jenny was the
~~of the~~ artist. The hammered with her beak on the
cage: & then flicked her tail & the, was off in an
circle of yellow & back again, faster & faster, intensely
aware of the cage; Rose of yellow fire - She flashed;
perking her head this way & that ~~and also has~~
~~And her dear Rhoda has~~! And Rhoda, ~~runaway~~
~~up to~~ visited Louis late at night. I do not
know how ~~they~~ loved; ~~I can only hear~~ I think
She must have leant out of the window. I think She
must have intended to come via ~~about the~~ Vienna —

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whether it was the lady reading next door, or an Arabian
nightingale it did not matter. Some unremembered word
allured her curious Chair to her – her long of the desert, her
, which don replied, in her arch, his professional manner,
for though he loved her (I daresay they were the most contrary
pair in the world) he never lost his sense of a
hard darling [illegible] which required him to
reduce our [illegible] disorderly waves to a few lines of
profound brevity.

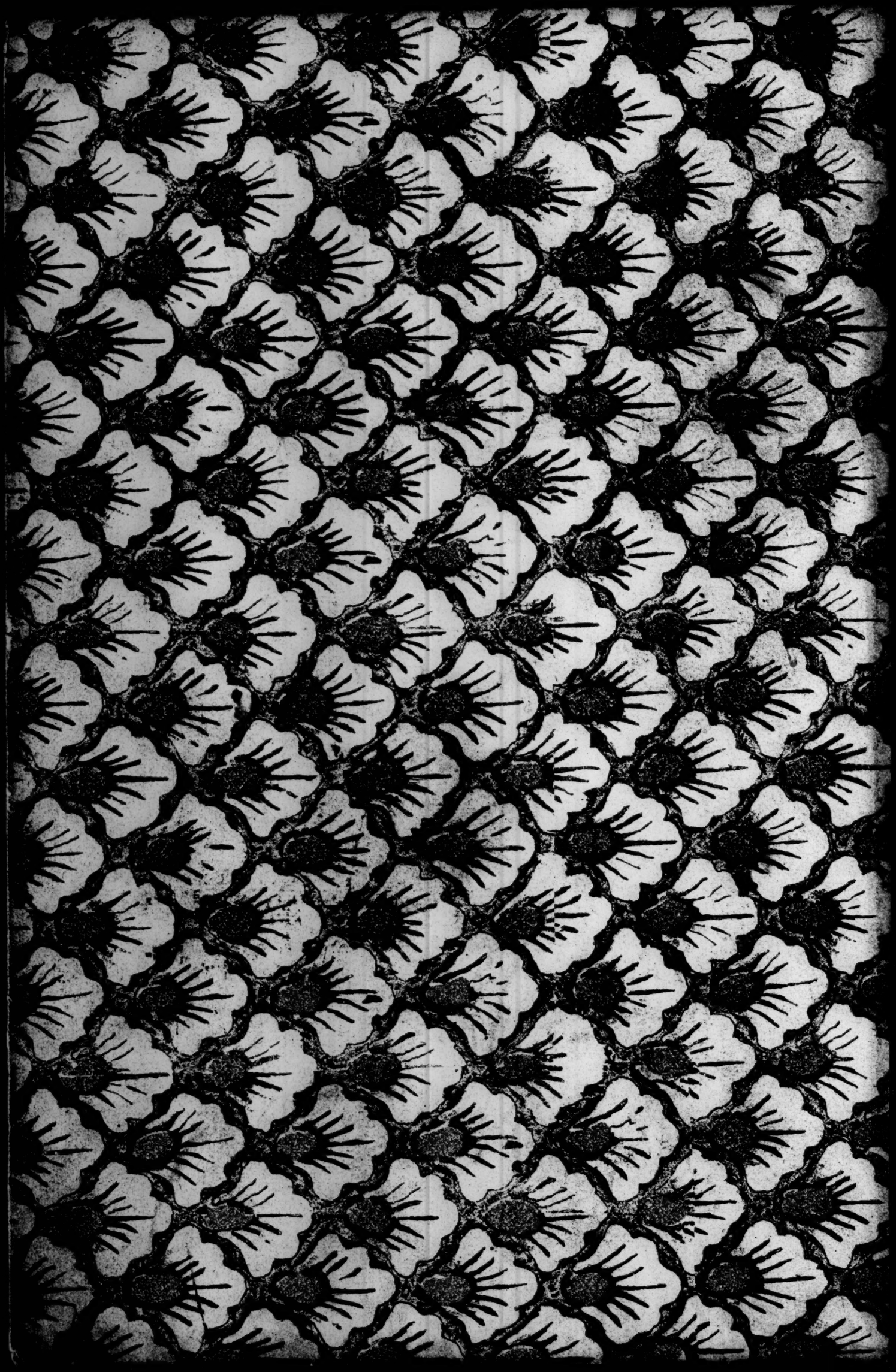
And now for my sketches of time I remember nothing but
Vast arcs & brilliant Beams: half finished sentences,
Such as confuse incidents as [illegible] men met in the smoking rooms of
[illegible] they in trains, as
East country inns; & a very few landscapes, (one)
never got as far as a walk, in order to [illegible] or
notice the particular hedge [illegible] or
Mr [illegible]

You would think if you saw me sitting between two well
dressed women at dinner, with my wine glass, & the
bread [illegible] & napkins, that I had
abandoned my self to a clothed up, disorderly,
[illegible] life. You
would think if you saw the worn linoleum in which I
[illegible] about London, the chairs, my rocks in the cab-
boy – & my cracked bumps – that
I had abandoned any attempt at such as even make-
believe even. The pot behind the counter in the bun
shops – to rise above our stations; & to
Carry a godlike view, [illegible] to wonder,
when our [illegible] to whom, only to wonder,
I now begin to

Only I am an
indifferent student. I do
not enjoy even pain.

a to cast an eye over the globe.

NYPL

But even I one day said walking down Chancery Lane,
watching the motor omnibuses, I could not feel
this extraordinary exaltation, or that though I hear a little
worse I am also in a very silent place, or what I see though so
loved, is yet remote. Unless, that symbols (I had used
love to mark a fact & Gabey says at 4 in a tea room)
Who that I am at last has at last. Unless I
were capable of I had marked some curious
were about to make a phrase, Cant. Conformity
some understanding I was pitiful. I said, Each of these
lovers, & I — & how all my pencils handed me their
keep glancing, lovers, & I perceived one common
flowers with, shaken, flowered my way, I see. Look
at the blaze, look at the hawthorn. But I read
every year wear this garland on its heart. We
sing, we gaily & raucous, sing — with like flame
smoky fire with jug, or hearty with tankard
inhabitants who dwell; a speech alone at an altar
wonders, who think. Are we then so much
changed as we think) said? Are we not
tuppins, unconsidered, lowly ones, hearty on chairs
out a kitty on napkin fork? Or is this at
a drumming in the head (like that in a lofty city in the
sea) or lake that ash-trees whose make? I
cached myself as they were not some curious

(he you with husband. I see the wind in
lofty flame — regularly & the man head
like the fadeless brown — & the
dream) (April 12th
1930